THE JOURNAL OF THE CENTRE FOR FORTEAN ZOOLOGY



The Monster of Llangorse Lake; Attack of the killer Squirrels; Canadian Lake Monster; Black Dog Photograph; The Man Monkey of Ranton; News, reviews and more...

ISSUE 40

£3.00

Animals & Men is the quarterly journal of the 49 CFZ People Centre for Fortean Zoology; a non profit making organisation administered by:



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SUBSCRIPTIONS

For a 4-issue (one year) subscription: £12 UK £11 FC £20 US Canada Oz NZ (airmail) £24 Rest of World.

METHODS OF PAYMENT

Subscription rates INCLUDE postage. On other orders, postage and packing is extra: please add 25p (£0.30 outside UK) per magazine and 75p (£0.90 outside UK) per book.

Payment can be made in UK cash, Eurocheque, or a cheque drawn on a UK bank. Britain is one of the few countries in the world where US dollars do not circulate. If making payment in US\$ then please add \$14 to cover the currency exchange fee.



Payment by credit/debit card through our Paypal account (Jon@eclipse.co.uk). Please make all cheques payable to Jonathan Downes

The CFZ Trust is registered as a non profit making organisation with HM Stamp Office. The trustees are J.Downes: R. Freeman & G.Inglis. Charitable status is pending

EDITORIAL



Dear Friends.

Welcome to the first A&M of 2007.

This is shaping up to be a momentous year for the CFZ. It is our fifteenth anniversary, and we are marking it in style. About seven years ago we started 'The Big Fish Project'.

Something that has always intrigued me is that -with one large, and glaring exception - every body of water is inhabited by a monster - at least according to those who live, and fish, there. Every great lake has its version of "Nessie" and every village pond is the haunt of "the biggest perch you ever saw; it bit young Billic's leg while he was paddling last year, honest sir".

This year has - totally coincidentally (if there is such a thing) - become what Oll Lewis has dubbed 'The Year of the Big Fish'. Lake monsters are not confined to Loch Ness. Such things are reported in lakes across the Northern Hemisphere. Many zoologists have always believed that these 'monsters' are in fact extremely big fish, and so - to mark our fifteenth anniversary - we are carrying out a scries of in depth investigations of lakes in the UK where giant fish have been reported.

We are currently intending to carry out investigations in the following locations:

- I. WINDERMERE/CONISTON WATER, CUMBRIA, ENGLAND May-July
- 2. THE ISLE OF MAY, FIRTH OF FORTH, SCOTLAND
 September
- 3. LLANGORSE LAKE, POWYS, WALES October

May-July

Adding very real impetus to our quest is the series of photographs that have recently been taken on Windermere. The first was by Steve Burnip in July of last year, but more recently a series of pictures was taken by Linden Adams, a professional photographer, in February this year, and a further image (which we haven't seen yet), was taken by a canooist on the lake later the same month. He has been very conscientious and has submitted his photographs for professional analysis. We are very excited by the initial findings which suggest that they show a large, presumably animate object, the visible part of which is some fifteen feet in length.

However, there has been so much media interest in this case, that we are very wary of the whole affair becoming a media circus, and so, in order to carry out our investigations more thoroughly, we have dropped plans for an enormous mass lake-watch. We are still looking for volunteers for the two trips (provisionally, the end of May and mid-June). We shall be carrying out a series of experiments on both Coniston Water and Windermere, and volunteers will be most appreciated.

In other news, our latest film, 'Lair of the Red Worm', is now up on CFZtv, and at the time of writing, nearly 12,000 people have seen it. We have already published four books this year, and there are another dozen scheduled. The Weird Weekend lineup is stronger than ever, and our museum is now under construction. We have a new-look website, and also the world's only dedicated cryptozoological multimedia site (www.cfztv.org). Things are looking better than ever for the CFZ.

So, as always -watch this space.

Slainté

Adding very real impetus to our quest is the series of

Jon Downes (Director, CFZ)

THE GREAT DAYS OF ZOOLOGY ARE NOT DONE"



THE FACULTY OF THE CENTRE FOR FORTEAN ZOOLOGY



"In her abnormalities, nature reveals her secrets." (Goethe)

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NEWSFILE

Edited and compiled by Richard Freeman and Jonathan Downes



A rare blind snake, Xenotyphlops mocquardi, has been rediscovered in Madagascar a century after its last sighting. The snake, which looks like a long, skinny pink worm, was known only from two other specimens, both discovered in 1905. "They're rently rare because they're subterranean," said blind-snake expert Van Wallach of Harvard University who described the new specimen. "You can't justgo out anytime you want and collect these things. You can dig forever and never find them."

That evolutionary laboratory called Madagascar has presented us with a couple of surprises of late. No, not the maneating *tepe* tree of legend, but a couple of species previously thought to be extinct.

Scientists captured the snake alive in 2005 during an expedition to collect reptiles and amphibians in northern Madagascar. The specimen was approximately 10 inches long and about as thick as a pencil.

NEW AND REDISCOVERED





Ducks Deluxe

A duck that was feared to be extinct has been found alive and well in the wild after zoologists spent 18 years looking for it in the wrong sort of habitat. The Madagascar pochard was last seen alive in 1991. It had been given up for dead by most ornithologists. But a group of conservationists spotted one while hunting for a rare hawk in remote forests on the island.

Experts at the Durrell Wildlife Conservation Trust in Jersey, who had been researching the duck since 1989, were contacted and sent their own team. They found twenty adult pochards and at least seven young. Glyn Young, of the Durrell trust, has been searching for the duck, *Aythya innotata*, since 1989.



He said: "The finding is extremely exciting. It was incredible. Some of the chicks could only just have hatched".

Gerald Durrell was always one of the greatest heroes of the CFZ, so in September 2006 Jon and Corinna made a pilgrimage to the zoo he founded on Jersey. In the reed beds at the zoo is a bird hide marked only as "Teal hide".

One enters this exhibit thinking that one is going to be able to sit down and watch some native ducks going about their business. But one is immediately entranced to discover that instead you have been miraculously transported to a corner of Malagasy wetland, where critically endangered Madagascan waterfowl are living and breeding. The scope of this project is simply breathtaking, and to see these animals, as near as possible in their wild habitat, is an awe-inspiring experience.

On the wall was a picture of a Madagascan Pochard, and a sad little note explaining that the creature had become extinct before they had been able to save it, hence its non-appearance in the exhibit. Happily, they can now take the notice down!







CLOUDING THE ISSUE

The clouded leopard's eponymous spots help camouflage the wild Asian cat in the forest, but a local scientist's discovery may help protect this vulnerable species from extinction at the hands of humans. The population has shrunk as the cats are hunted for their fur and meat, and their habitat is destroyed.

Four subspecies of clouded leopard had been recognized in Southeast Asia, but a researcher from the National Cancer Institute at Frederic, MD, has now discovered one of those is a separate species.

NCI-F's findings were published in a December 2006 paper in *Current Biology*. The paper's lead author, Valerie Buckley-Beason, is a researcher in the Institute's Laboratory of Genomic Diversity. Buckley-Beason announced that the scientific community are likely to accept the new species *Neofelis diardi*.

She found major genetic differences between mainland clouded leopards, a subspecies found from Southern China to eastern Burma, and the diardi, found on the island of Borneo.

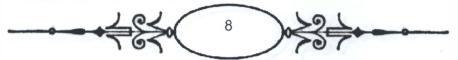


CLOUD RAT



A new species of squirrel-sized rodent has been discovered in the lofty cloud forests of Peru.

The pudgy small mammal is a brand new species. Observations and preliminary genetic analyses suggest that the rodent's nearest relatives are a group called spiny rats, which are restricted to lowlands. The new rodent's discoverers say this suggests that spiny rats evolved from this Andean species.





THAI TALES

TaKua Tung, Thailand. A local villager fishing in a mangrove in western Thailand got a surprise when he caught a large turtle in his net. The catch turned out to be a rare mangrove terrapin, a species that has not been observed in the wild in Thailand for over 20 years.

Realising that this was an unusual find, the village contacted a local specialist from WWF Thailand's Marine and Coastal Resources Unit, based in the coastal province of Phang Nga, some 800km from the capital, Bangkok. "In Thailand, this species is considered to be critically endangered and is classified similarly in Cambodia, Vietnam and Malaysia," said Dr Chavalit Vidthayanon, a freshwater biologist at WWF Thailand.

"In the past, villagers could catch up to one thousand of these terrapins a year for their eggs, meat and shells." WWF Thailand plans to develop a project to protect the headwaters of the Klong Tum, where the terrapin was discovered, as well as continue efforts to research the rare species.

NOT A NEWT!

Staying in Thailand, a new species of herp has been discovered. Various news agencies announced that a new species of salamander had been discovered "featuring a short tail with thornlike scales." The latin name was given as Tropidophorus hangnam sp. nov, which was all very well until one realises that Tropidophorus is actually a genus of skink. Reading the press release again one realises that no salamander known to science has ever had "a short tail with thornlike scales." So, nice as it is to have a new species of skink, the discovery is not as momentous as one would have liked.

In neighbouring Vietnam two new gekkos have also come to light.

Mr. Nguyen Ngoc, who found the creatures, is now working at HCM City's Institute of Tropical Biology. Mr Ngoc, together with his Russian colleagues, named the two new species as *Cyrtodactylus nigriocularis* and *Cyrtodactylus badenensis*. Both of these creature live in caves or cliffs 100 - 500 metres high.









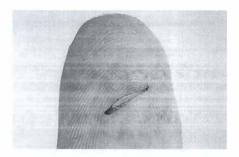
Borneo A Go-Go

Scientists have discovered at least 52 new species of animals and plants on the island of Borneo since 2005. These include *Glyptothorax exodon*, a catfish with protruding teeth and suction cups on its belly to help it stick to rocks in the turbulent Kapuas River system. Much of Borneo, which is shared by Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Sultanate of Brunei, is covered by one of the world's last remaining rain forests.

The discoveries bring the total number of species newly identified on the island to more than 400 since 1996. Other creatures discovered between July 2005 and September 2006 were six fighting fish, whose unique colours and markings distinguish them from close relatives, and a tree frog with bright green eyes.

On the Malaysian part of the island, slow-flowing blackwater streams and peat swamps are home to the *Paedocypris micromegethes*, a tiny fish only 0.35 inches long.





The creature, which gets its name from the Greek words for children and small, is tinier than all other vertebrate species on Earth except for its slightly more minuscule cousin, a 0.31-inch-long fish found on the Indonesian island of Sumatra.

Also from Borneo is a new species of skink that has yet to be named (see below).

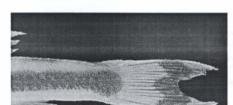


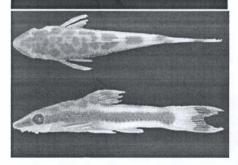
Another new species from the region is Dendrelaphis kopsteini, a new species of bronzeback snake from Thailand through Peninsular Malaysia and Singapore to Sumatra, and differs from other members of its genus by a brick-red throat colouration.



Holy Internal Filters!

Holy mackerel! A taxonomist has named a new species of catfish after the caped crusader, *Batman*.





The new loricariid catfish is a member of the hypoptopomatine genus Otocinclus and has a dark marking on its tail resembling the Batman logo. Ichthyologist Pablo Lehmann, of the Pontificia Universidade Catolica do Rio Grande do Sul, has named the species *Otocinclus batmani* in a paper in the current volume of the

journal Neotropical Ichthyology.

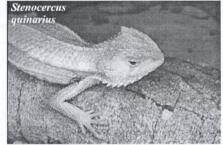
"The name batmani, alludes to Bob Kane's hero Batman of the comic adventures, which had a bat shape for his symbol, referring to the single W- or bat-shaped vertical spot on the caudal fin", wrote Lehmann.

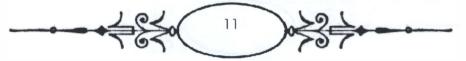
I guess you shouldn't keep this species with clownfish!

OTHER NEW DISCOVERIES

A new species of spiny-tailed lizards has been described from South-West Arabia. The species consists of two sub-species *Uromastyx* yemenensis shobraki and *Uromastyx* yemenensis ocellata.

Two previously unknown species of lizard that are said to resemble miniature ground-dwelling dragons have been found in the threatened cerrado region of Brazil. The lizards, Stenocercus squarrosus and Stenocercus quinarius are described in the current issue of the South American Journal of Herpetology. Sadly, like many newly discovered species, these two new lizards are already threatened by habitat loss.







ANIMAL ATTACKS

Members of the animal kingdom have been getting revenge on humans recently. Everywhere you look, creatures are sinking teeth claws, and tusks into human flesh. There follows a round up of would be Dr Dolittles being chewed by angry critters and innocent bystanders being chowed down on.

Crocs n' gators

The best headline of the year so far has to be:

Naked crack smoker attacked by 11 foot alligator

A man who was attacked by an alligator was naked and smoking crack at the time, Polk County, Florida deputies who rescued him said.

The alligator had the man in his jaws when deputies arrived at Lake Parker in Lakeland. They were called by nearby residents who reported hearing a man yelling for help.

The first deputy on the scene was unable to free the man, Adrian J. Apgar, from the alligator's mouth. It wasn't until 3 or 4 of them were in chest-deep water that they were able to pull him free after the tug-of-war. Apgar, 45, of Polk City, suffered a broken arm, partially amputated left arm and trauma to his left leg. Doctors weretrying to reattach the arm at Lakeland Regional Medical Center, where he was listed in critical condition. "We don't know whether he'll make it or not," said Polk County Sheriff Grady Judd.

An off-duty policeman has survived an attack by a monster crocodile that clamped its jaws around his head and shoulders in waters in the Torres Strait.

Thursday Island Police Sergeant Jeff Tanswell, 37, was attacked on a reef 15 metres from the shore off Adolphus Island about 12.30pm. The croc, reported to be more than three metres long, pulled the policeman under, then swam into deeper water when they both surfaced.

His wife, Jane, a senior constable on Thursday Island, managed to position their boat between her husband and the croc and drag him to safety. The couple were on the reef snorkelling with two other off-duty police officers.

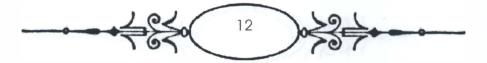
"He was attacked from behind by the crocodile, which grabbed him by the head and shoulders and pulled him under the water," a police spokesman said. "Both surfaced again shortly afterward and the crocodile then swam away from him into deeper water. Jane Tanswell then positioned their boat between her husband and the crocodile and assisted him into their boat. She then immediately picked up the other people who were still in the water."

Sergeant Tanswell suffered wounds to his face and car, but his injuries were not life-threatening.

Source: ABC News January 8, 2007.

Snakes

A 66-year-old Brazilian saved his grandson from the grip of a 16-foot-long anaconda by beating the snake with rocks and a knife for half an hour.



"When I saw the snake wrapped around my grandson's neck I thought it was going to kill him." Joaquim Pereira told the Agencia Estado news service. "It was agonizing, I pulled it from one side, but it would come back on the other."



Pereira's 8-year-old grandson, Mateus, was attacked by the anaconda near a creek on his grandfather's ranch in the city of Cosmorama, about 250 miles northwest of Sao Paulo. "While the boy was playing with friends, the snake attacked and wrapped itself around him", police officer Hudson Augusto said. The boy was rushed to a hospital and needed 21 stitches on his chest where he was bitten.

Source: CNN, February 12, 2007

A 13-foot boa constrictor wrapped itself around its owner's neck and killed the man in his home, authorities said. An acquaintance found Ted

Dres, 48, inside the snake's cage and called police, the Hamilton County Sheriff's office said. The snake was still strangling Dres when deputies arrived, and the officers had to work with members of an animal protection group to remove the reptile, the sheriff's office said.

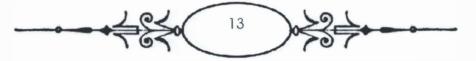
"Dres' snake will be kept at an animal shelter awaiting instructions from police or Dres' family", said Andy Mahlman, spokesman for the Cincinnati Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "People who keep these type of animals as pets should know exactly what they're doing and what they're capable of," Mahlman said.

Source: Deseret News. Salt Lake City December 18th 2006

A 14-foot python bit its handler and tried to drag her into its cage during a show at an aquarium, and wouldn't release the woman until a police officer zapped the reptile with a stun gun. Alison Cobianchi. 18, was taking Chloe, a Burmese python, out of her cage for the daily snake presentation Saturday at the Tarpon Springs Aquarium when the snake wrapped itself around her arm and waist. Visitors and aquarium employees kept the snake from pulling Cobianchi into the cage, but couldn't make it release its grip. Police were called to help. "We either had to taser it or we would have had to kill it." police Sgt. Allen MacKenzie said.

Source: CBC News December 31, 2006

Guard dogs protecting a fruit orchard in Malaysia met their match in the form of a seven-metre-long python. The giant snake swallowed at least 11 dogs before bemused villagers finally



discovered it. "I was shocked to see such a huge python," orchard-keeper Ali Yusof told a local newspaper.

The article in the New Strait Times described the snake as being "long enough to span the width of a tennis court and as thick as a tree trunk." Villagers did not harm the python, which was tied to a tree before being handed to wildlife officials

Source: Metro January 26, 2007

Big Cats

A tiger has attacked a man at Bangladesh's Dhaka Zoo, leaving him critically injured after he entered a cage to feed the big cat. the official BSS news agency said. The Royal Bengal tiger mauled Mujibur Rahman, an employee of an animal feed supply firm, when he took 1kg of raw meat into the enclosure at lunchtime, the agency reported.

Visitors screamed in horror as zoo staff rescued Mr Rahman by injecting the animal with tranquilisers.

Source: India eNews, February 10, 2007

A 37-year-old animal-lover was mauled to death by cheetahs at a zoo in northern Belgium, authorities and zoo officials said, raising questions about safety at the animal park. Jan Libot, spokesman for the Olmense Zoo, located 55 miles north-east of Brussels, said it was unclear why Karen Aerts entered the cheetah cage.

"She was found dead in the cage," Libot told

VTM television.

Aerts, from the city of Antwerp, was a regular visitor to the zoo and godmother to one of the cats that killed her, named Bongo. "Karen loved animals. Unfortunately the cheetahs betrayed her trust," Libot said. He added Aerts was a sponsor for Bongo, paying for feed for the cat.

Police said they were investigating why Aerts entered the cage. They believe she hid somewhere in the park after it closed and managed to find the keys to the cheetah cage.

Source: TCM News February 12, 2007

California State wildlife officials credited a 65-year-old Fortuna woman with saving her 70-year-old husband's life by clubbing a mountain lion that had his head gripped in its jaws until the animal let go.

Jim and Nell Hamm were hiking in Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park in Humboldt County when he was attacked by a single puma.

Game wardens, who closed the park and released hounds to track the mountain lion, shot and killed a pair found near the trail where the attack happened.

Source: NBC News, Jan. 28, 2007

A hungry leopard attacked a man after being chased and cornered when it was spotted in suburbs in India. The big cat had darted across a park, scaled a wall and ran through gardens searching for food in the western city of Nasik.

Panicked residents beat it with sticks. The endangered animal fought back, injuring three people, but was battered to the ground. It was



taken to a wildlife sanctuary after Wednesday's attack but died from its injuries. Leopards are increasingly entering residential areas as their habitat is destroyed. Hunger has turned some into man-eaters.

On the same day, villagers in Kashmir destroyed a leopard which had killed three children.

Source: Nashikit Online News, 21st February 2007

Pigs

A Norfolk farm worker needed hospital treatment after being attacked by a herd of pigs. The 51-year-old man was knocked over by a sow at a Norfolk farm in eastern England, prompting the rest of the herd to attack him. "It seems that when he fell, he was attacked by one of the sows and then the other pigs joined in," a Norfolk police spokesman told Reuters.

"He suffered bumps and bruises and a head injury though it is not considered to be life-threatening."

The police spokesman said it was the first time he had heard of a pig attack in the area - but it was unlikely the herd would be put down.

Source: The Scotsman, 7 Jan 2007

A three-year-old boy has been eaten alive by a neighbour's herd of pigs on the outskirts of the Indian capital, Delhi, police say. The boy, Ajay, strayed from the family home as his parents and other family members were having lunch.

When his mother went to look for him, she found the pigs chewing something and spotted bits of her son's clothing. She threw stones at the animals but they turned on her. Her screams alerted neighbours who came to her rescue.

Relatives in the village of Samaipur Badli in north-west Delhi told police the boy had been carrying bread, which might have led the animals to attack him. A senior police official, Manish Aggarwal, said a local man who owned the pigs had been detained for causing death due to negligence.

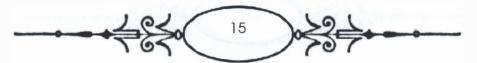
Source: BBC Online, 29 November 2006

It was supposed to be a 15-minute walk down East Snyder Road, Tucson with the dogs, before taking off to yoga class.

But Tracy Gordon's quick morning trip turned into a day-long nightmare. Gordon and her three Chihuahuas were attacked by a pack of javelinas (peccaries). An unusual moment because Gordon's previous encounters with them on her daily walks were always uneventful. It started with one javelina sighting on Snyder, near North Sabino Canyon Road. The javelina charged across the street, and though it seemed that the animal wasn't about to attack them, Gordon's dogs had assumed a confrontational stance.

The attack was a blur, she said. One javelina bit her leg, which caused her to fall and drop the dog's leads. One or more javelinas had trampled her. Noticing that one of the dogs. Peatree, became a main target and was "being thrown like a rag doll," Gordon ran to a neighbor's home to call her husband, Greg, for help. Another dog, Tino, suffered a large bite on the neck. The other Chihuahua, Bebe, was not injured.

Source: Arizona Star. 8th December 2006





INCREDIBLE JOURNEYS

On a lighter note, here is an amazing story of a pet finding its way home over a huge distance.

Dog Lost in Colorado Found in Tennessee.

Seven months after disappearing from her yard in Colorado, a little rat terrier named Daisy walked into the arms of Tracie Crass in Knoxville, some 1,300 miles away, and got an airplane ride home. "The kindness of people gives you a reason to believe," said Daisy's owner Vonda Lundstrom of Aurora, Colo. "It's the best Christmas present."

Crass spotted 2-year-old Daisy wandering down her sidewalk on Christmas night. She assumed the 12-pound dog had slipped out of its home amid holiday festivities. So she brought the pooch onto her porch and waited for its owner to come looking for it. When no one showed up by the next day, Crass telephoned the number on Daisy's rabies tag. She reached Lundstrom's veterinarian, who reached Lundstrom. A cell phone photograph of Daisy sent to Crass confirmed it was the same little dog who dug a hole under the privacy fence at Lundstrom's home in April and disappeared.

With help from Knoxville's Young-Williams Animal Center, Daisy flew home. The reunion at Denver International Airport was memorable.

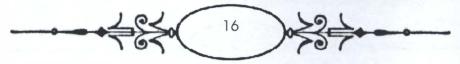
"She licked me. She loved on me," Lundstrom said. "I have my baby back, that's for sure."



Zombie chickens rise from mass graves

At many egg farms, chickens that are too old to produce eggs are suffocated with carbon dioxide and then dumped in a compost heap. Apparently though, "zombie birds" that managed to survive have been spotted emerging from mass graves at Northern California farms.





OBITUARIES



I first got to know Clin. Keeling back in the early 1980s when I was dabbling in publishing. He was already a very well established author who had written a couple of pet handbooks for Foyles and seemed to have articles in all the journals that appealed to animal keepers, and I felt flattered that he would trust me with some of his work. In fact two small books came out of our partnership, both sold modestly well, but neither did brilliantly.

It was as a result of these books that I started to attend Zoologica, the animal show that Clin organized at the South of England showground in Sussex. These shows gave me the chance to meet Clin properly and see his talent for

enthusing people, and to appreciate his wonderful encyclopaedic knowledge. He could walk round that showground after the exhibitors set up and whatever animal they had brought with them Clin would be able to identify it and describe some peculiar aspect of its biology.

Clinton Harry Keeling was born in Westcliff-on-Sea in 1932, and by the age of four was aware that animals were to be his future. He was identified as something of a prodigy at school and moved up to a higher class where his developing ability to give lectures on his subject was recognised. At the start of the Second World War his father, already a reservist, was called-up and Clin and his mother, moved up to



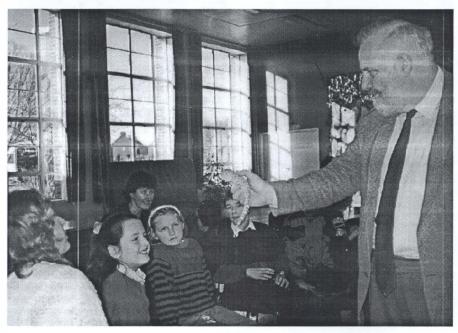
Derbyshire.

Life in Derbyshire was pleasant enough for Clin except for school, which he detested, and he was able to regularly visit Belle Vue Zoo in Manchester. Having decided that he wanted to be a zoologist Clin took the decision to leave school at 14, as school wasn't able to offer him any preparation for this career!

In fact at the age of 23 Clin and his first wife were running, his own zoological and botanical Garden, Pan's Garden, at Ashover in Derbyshire. This small zoo was in many ways ahead of its time with much labeling of the exhibits. Clin

also started a visiting lecture service where he took a range of animals into schools and gave talks about them. He was fairly certain that he had visited more schools than anybody else in the country.

Sadly he lost the zoological gardens when his marriage failed in 1971. The period after this was a very low one and Clin considered that it was his faith in God that pulled him through and led to him meeting his second wife Pam. They established a home in Guildford and Clin continued to visit schools and give lectures and to write. Having given up on conventional publishers he and Pam produced his books







under the imprint of "Clam publications".

Additionally he p oduced a quarterly magazine called *Mainly About Animals*, and contributed to several issues of *Animals & Men*.

The vast majo ity of Clin's books were focused on zoological garden histo y. A series of books, whose titles commenced "Where the...", dealt specifically with zoological gardens that had closed, and with travelling menageries. The travelling menageries had a habit of advertising animals using "show-names" for which there is often no easy modern t anslation, and only a limited description. Trying to identify these animals can be a nightmare, and when one considers that the "Java Hare" was in fact an Agouti, (from the New World), even the stated country of origin does not always help. In one of his books he did suggest that one of the menageries had possibly exhibited a Nandi bear, one of the classical African cryptids.

As part of an effort to get people to record the history of zoological gardens before it is lost, Clin founded the "Ba tlett Society", a small group of people who specifically research zoological garden history. The society was started in 1984 and is still going strong.

For a period in the nineties Clin also organised Zoologica. This was a wonderful arrangement where the main building of the showground was hired, and a va iety of animal people each set up stalls showing what they, or their organisation, did. It gave the public a chance to meet and see people with animals and decided whether or not they might want to keep a certain species, or just learn about it. It was also a social occasion for many of the animal people, and for some of the animals too. Sadly this had to stop as the local authorities were pressurised by the "animal rights" lobbyists to insist on pet shop licenses for

such gatherings. It seemed strange that a function of this so t should be stopped on apparent animal welfare grounds where the animals were nearly all loved and cared for, when the building continued to be used for (inter alia) fat-stock markets where the outcome for the animals was generally fatal! The ridiculousness of this contradiction was not lost on Clin.

It is a great shame that Clin was never to be featured in any regular television programmes in Britain. His entertaining manner and his ability to talk to people at all academic levels, at the same time, would, I am sure, have made him a popular presenter. It can truthfully be said that Clin had actually taught zoology for over sixty years, and he was still writing books at the time of his death in January 2007. The immense legacy of knowledge that he has passed on to others through his talks and his writing will never be fully known, but it must though be some comfort to his family and friends. CHRIS MOISER

THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT

I knew Clin for two or three years in the 1990s, and can quite truthfully say, that along with Tony Shiels, the late Will Sinnot, and Daevid Allen, he is one of the handful of truly extraordinary people that I have ever met. He was not always an easy man to get along with; indeed our paths parted some years ago over a complete misunderstanding, and it is now one of my true regrets in life that we never made it up again. In a world populated by midgets, he was a giant, and to misquote Bob Dylan's words on hearing that Johnny Cash had died. Clin was a man of such integrity that you could steer

your ship by him.

Like many other people will do, I will truly miss him

JON DOWNES



MARK BAYLESS

Mark K. Bayless, 46, who was the moderator of a yahoogroups list on Bigfoot, Bigfoot books, and an active cryptozoology email correspondent to many of us, has passed away.

The Snakes of Arkansas Forum, on Friday, November 3, 2006, posted this news:

"We are saddened to report that Mark K. Bayless of Berkeley, California, died of complications of diabetes the morning [of November 1, 2006], aged 46. Mark was well known in the monitor community, having overseen the newsletter VaraNews that preceded websites and forums as a source of information about monitor husbandry and biology. An irrepressible Renaissance man,

Mark assembled what is surely the largest existing collection of articles, accounts, stories and pictures of anything and everything related to monitors — it is less well known that his collections relating to the biology of whales, and cryptozoology, were even larger.

Mark was always extremely generous in sharing any of the information he collected with anyone who asked, and a great many people.

Mark K. Bayless had been a herpetoculturist for 23 years and had written extensively about monitor lizards, especially the African species.2006 saw the publication of his *Redtailed Boas*, coauthored with Ben Aller (ISBN: 0-7938-2888-0; \$9.95; Paperback; May, 2006). He also was the author of Savannah Monitors."

Our thoughts go out to all of Mark's friends and family. Another young cryptozoologist has gone into the wilderness too early. LOREN COLEMAN

Mark was a member of the CFZ for some years and made several kind donations. We never met, but I feel that, once again, the CFZ family is poorer without him. JON DOWNES

IAN RICHARDSON

Actor Ian Richardson CBE, best known for his role as the Machiavellian chief whip Francis Urquhart in the BBC's *House of Cards*, died suddenly on February 9th at the age of 72.

The stage and TV veteran had not been ill and, indeed, had been due to begin filming an episode of ITV's *Midsomer Murders* the following week, according to his agent. He died in his sleep at his London home.

Born in Edinburgh in 1934, he first made a name for himself playing Hamlet at the Birmingham Repertory in 1960, before joining the Royal Shakespeare Company

Later, he took the part of Sherlock Holmes in two TV dramas, and "Tailor" in John le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*; and more recently appeared in the BBC's Bleak House and Sky One's *Hogfather*.

Famous for his sonorous voice and stern demeanour, he was made a CBE in 1989. Richardson based his Urquhart character on Richard III, the last role he played for the RSC.

In 2005 he said, "Urquart has been the best opportunity for my reputation. The only trouble is getting rid of it. So many people seem to think that I am like him."

That villainous character followed the timeless tradition of charming and seducing those he needed, while stopping at nothing to get what he wanted - power.

His devious saying - "You might think that; I couldn't possibly comment," - entered the political phrasebook, as well as the phraseology of certain members of the CFZ hierarchy, and was quoted in the House of Commons.

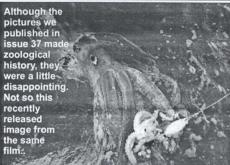
GRAHAM INGLIS





Big Squid

A troop of Japanese Scientists led by Tsunemi Kubodera that filmed a 24 feet long female giant squid, Architeuthis dux, in September 2005 (A&M 37:18) published their biological findings in February. The squid was filmed off the coast of the Ogasawara Islands at depths of 790 to 3,080 feet. It was the first time a giant squid has been filmed alive and from the study of their 2005 video they have determined that giant squid hunt by disorientating their prey with short bursts of light emitted from photospheres on the tips of its tentacles. The scientists also postulate that these short bursts of light may help the squid to locate prey in a similar method to sonar, possibly because of the total darkness found in the deep ocean.



Even Bigger Squid

Little over a week after Tsunemi Kubodera published his findings, a colossal squid was caught off the cost of Antartica. The colossal





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squid (Mesonychoteuthis hamiltoni) is the largest invertebrate known to science, it is estimated that it can grow in excess of 45 feet and has the largest eye in the animal kingdom.

The colossal squid caught in February is the largest specimen ever found, measuring 32.8 feet (10 meters) in length, & weighing 990 lbs (150 kg). It is also the first ever adult male of the species landed intact, and scientists are hoping that they will be able to find out from the specimen how the squid reproduce. Male colossal squid are thought to lack a hectocotylus (a tentacle used in other species of squid to transfer a sperma-tophore to the female) and scientists will now be able to study the anatomy of the creature in an attempt to solve the reproductive mystery.

A Monster of Merritt?

A very sinister-sounding lake monster has been spotted in Lake Merritt, Oakland, California, USA by a man named Richard Bailey. The sighting was reported in the *Contracosta Times* on the 12th of January 2007, as having a 'great head' with glowing red eyes and spiked horns. According to Richard Bailey, the creature he saw also had six or seven humps measuring around 10 feet in length.

Richard Bailey has sent a letter to his city council stating that the creature is rare and should be protected, and that he thinks it could be a tourist attraction too. (Thanks to Andreas Trottmann for sourcing the article)

What a Whopper

On April the 17th 2006, a man left 3 photographs of 'Nahuelito', the creature of Nahuel Huapi Lake



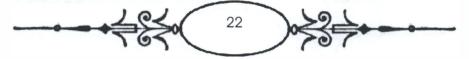


at the front desk of an Argentinian news agency. The note left with the pictures categorically stated that the pictures are not of a tree stump or a wave. The man who left the photos did not leave his name for fear of "future headaches".

If you look at the 'photographs' you can probably guess why the note was careful not to say that they were actual genuine photos of a lake monster either. In my opinion, they are hardly the most convincing evidence for the existence of Nahuelito. However, look at the photos, and judge for yourself.

A Mobile Monster

Another photo of a lake monster has surfaced recently from Norway. Norwegian news website







Nettavisen.no says that the serpent like lake monster was seen and photographed on his mobile phone, by Einar Johannes Sandnes during a fishing trip to Snaasa Lake 2005. There is a tradition of lake monster sightings every so often at Snaasa Lake, but this particular photo does not look like a genuine photograph of a large animal in my opinion. But like the Nahuelito photos, judge for yourself.

Something Fishy... or are they Dolphins?

Dolphins have been spotted in Lake Seminole on the border of Georgia and Florida, USA. The lake is man-made and land-locked so officials were puzzled as to how dolphins could come to be there. The anonymous email they received, as reported by the *St. Petersburg (FL) Times* on the 7th of February 2007, read:

"At the risk of sounding a little crazy, I would like to mention to someone in Seminole gov't. that at 8 am Wed. 1/31/07 I saw what appeared

to be three dolphins swimming in the SW corner of Lake Seminole near Park Boulevard. My girlfriend saw them as well. I thought I should at least report it to someone and found this email contact for Seminole."

The lake has a small outflow weir that, according to Kelli Levy, a Pinellas County environmental program coordinator, is too small for a dolphin, and so would have had to have jumped over. The jump would have been a

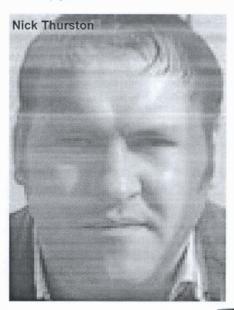






difficult one for a dolphin to make at over 12 feet high from a few feet of water. Levy comments that if the sighting was of a small group of dolphins then it is more likely they were blown in by a powerful hurricane.

The Florida State Fish and Wildlife conservation commission sent biologist Ken Arrison to investigate the claims. Arrison walked around the lake for a total of four hours and only saw birds and theorises that the sighting was caused by cormorants diving. Levy, on the other hand, believes the sighting is most likely to have been caused by grass carp (Ctenopharyngodon idella) rolling on the surface of the water. Grass carp are known to grow to around 4 feet in length in normal circumstances and weigh around 40lbs when fully grown.



Nessie pops up twice

On the 6th of October 2006, Nick Thurston and his fiancée Emma Louise Jones, were enjoying a boat cruise on Loch Ness when Emma spotted something in the water near Urquhart castle. Emma shouted to her fiancée asking him to get a camera, but by the time he had arrived the creature had gone. Emma, who before the trip was very skeptical about the existence of a large creature in the loch, said her sighting was of a large dark brown hump similar to a bridge.

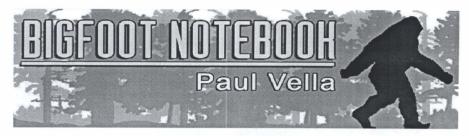
Soon afterwards, the mists drew in, and any chance of spotting and photographing the cause of the sighting, should it have returned, were slim. Nick was not enthused by the episode, so the couple decided to call it a day.

The following week, returning from a trip to Ben Nevis, Nick spotted something in the loch from the road - again, near the castle. Nick's sighting lasted only a few seconds, and - unable to film it because he was driving - he shouted at Emma to get the camcorder out, but again, the couple could not get it working before whatever had caused the sighting disappeared below the surface of the water.

Nick said he saw what he thought was a tree stump protruding 1-2m from the surface of the water near the bank. He then noticed another section that looked similar to what Emma had seen previously and realised that he might be looking at the head and neck of Nessie.

He described the rear section as being 3-4m behind what he took to be the head, and the whole creature was dark brown. The creature - if it was a creature - then sank beneath the waves.





It has been a while since the last BHM Roundup, so it's probably best to jump right in at the deep end.

Pine Ridge Reservation South Dakota

Back in July last year, reports started emerging from the Pinc Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, which told of Tribal Police responding to reported sightings of a large 'Bigfoot like' creature peering through windows. It was reported early on that one officer saw the creature himself.

Within days, another report was heard on a police scanner. Again peering in through a window in the same building, the creature's head was reported as being level with the gutter of the building.

By the end of July, the officers involved were no longer referring to the proponents as 'creatures' or 'individuals', but as 'Bigfoot'. One can only speculate at the conversations that went on locally. One conversation that was picked up on a police scanner talked about how when the Bigfoot is caught in the police car's headlights, the eyes glow red, which - as many readers will know - is an oft-reported feature of Bigfoot sightings. Another police scanner conversation included the words "You guys should see him. Man, he's big."

At about this time, my red flag started waving. I couldn't help thinking that a lot of police cruisers now have on-board video equipment (90% I'm

told by an officer in the area), and I was puzzled as to why there was no mention of this so far. It is worthwhile noting that this was an extremely hot period of time in the area; record temperatures and a number of ensuing forest fires. Moving into August, the Police scanners were back in action, when an officer was heard to shout "There he is". This remark was followed by two howls.

On the night of Friday, August 4th, a number of young women reported a sighting, and then on the Sunday morning, a lady reported to the local police, that a "tall, dark, smelly, hairy" man has been seen. The dispatcher then sends out a call asking which officer wanted to attempt to locate bigfoot. The officer who took the assignment later reported that "the dogs chased something down by the creek - Dogs came running back scared".

In the middle of all this, on August 5th, Loren





Coleman published an unsubstantiated report from an Internet forum, which talked of a bigfoot being shot. In Coleman's defence, he made it perfectly clear in his blog that he could not trust the anonymous source, but it makes for interesting reading anyway: "I just talked to my sister in law who's on the Pine Ridge Reservation. She said that last Tuesday night supposedly someone shot and killed a bigfoot near the Slim Buttes area. This is basically insider gossip, as there is no way to verify it. But. she said that several medicine men including Wilmer Mesteth, Oliver Red Cloud and Tom(?) Janis were called over there by the police to the site, and they smudged the body with burning sage and cedar, and said prayers. (The lakota see the higfoot as a sort of spirit being, and are scared of it.) Anyway, then it was wrapped up and taken to the lab at the School of Mines in Rapid City, All kind of hush hush, but this is the inside gossip. I have no way to verify it, but my sister in law has never lied to me. She said she doesn't know if it's true as she hasn't spoken to anyone who actually saw it. But I just thought you would be interested to hear the rumors.

As Coleman rightly points out, the trouble with Internet forums, is that no-one ever identifies themselves, so a story like the one above has to be taken with a huge pinch of salt Coleman did, and I can't understand why some chose to criticise him for repeating the story. The trouble is, that we have heard stories like this time and time again, and nothing ever comes from them ever! I sometimes wonder whether these stories are started deliberately by those with a vested interest to ridicule people and discredit them perhaps, people just enjoy telling stories we'll come onto that later in the Roundup. Two days later I heard from a Police Officer in the area who told me that no-one he had spoken to had heard such a thing, and that it was probably nothing more than drink talking there was nosign whatsoever of a body at the high school.

Nevertheless, something very odd was happening at Pine Ridge, and I was very frustrated by being confined to my office several thousand miles away. Fortunately, some very good information continued to flow from the area.

It turned out that there was some tenuous truth the shooting rumour A local resident had called in a sighting and was very bothered that the creature was lingering when an officer arrived, the man was firing off several shots in the direction he had last seen it, but stopped when ordered to do so by the officer. There is no evidence that anything had been hit by the gunfire.

Throughout August and into September, the reports mounted and we were even told of a ten minute 'hit' using thermal imaging equipment by police of ficers on something upright which wasn't human.

I was sent photos of what appeared to be very interesting footprints on a mud/gravel road They won't be clear enough to reproduce here. but you will find them in the CFZ forum. And the reports from Police officers kept rolling in, and still do, even if they are a little slower now. One major change is reports not being made to local and tribal police the way they were during the summer. The trouble is, that I don't know how much is genuine and how much is story telling there are certainly very odd stories being told. The temperature has been getting cold, which might not drive Bigfoot indoors, but it will certainly drive humans indoors, which may be the reason for the reports slowing down.

The last report I received was 26th February 2007 - someone tall, 'dressed in black' peeking in windows (which were 8.5ft off the ground), smelling like a dead dog.

You are probably asking the same question I did; why has no-one taken a photo of the damn things? Everyone has camera phones these days etc. Then I was astonished to learn that this is one of the poorest regions of the United States, with a per capita income of just \$3,600 per annum (no, that isn't a typo), so it isn't surprising that there isn't a proliferation of thermal imaging, digital stills, camera phones, camcorders etc. There are third world African states with higher incomes. Which of course raises suspicions that this is all nothing more than an attempt to generate some tourist incomes.

Who knows?

All I'll say is that I'll keep an eye on this for CFZ, but don't hold your breath. Whatever is going on at the Pine Ridge Reservation, I have a feeling we will never get to the bottom of it, and the stories will keep getting wilder until everyone loses interest.



The Goodies

I recently recorded an old episode of *The Goodies* called 'Bigfoot', where they go on an expedition to find the elusive creature 'Arthur C. Clarke', but the recording mistimed and I missed the last ten minutes. If anyone has a copy of this episode, please email me.

Story Telling

Regular readers will know that I have problems with sighting reports. I don't trust them. I'd much prefer hard data that can be analysed. Footprints especially, can be measured, strides can be ascertained. The sort of mathematics I can get my teeth into, but sighting reports? I've always felt that while a proportion of them are probably genuine, and another portion are genuine cases of mistaken identity, that there are some who like to tell stories.

A few years ago, while in Northern

California, I was taken to meet a woman who lived in a rural area and had reported seeing and hearing a Bigfoot around her property. I was sceptical as usual, but I wanted to meet her and ask questions, so, one September day, a few close friends, Bigfoot researchers, and I, paid a two-day visit - mostly to study her rather than Bigfoot. As the time passed, a pattern of events unfolded; a sighting was reported, investigators arrived on the scene, spent some time there being provided with copious amounts of coffee and donuts. The woman revealed her story, complete with familiar details.

As soon as the investigators lost interest, they would receive a phone call from the 'witness' sometimes panicky calls late at night, because something had just happened the Bigfoot was right outside by the porch, or the Bigfoot had taken some bait that had been laid out, or 'something' had slammed into the wall of the house. The investigators would return, find nothing, and lose interest again.

Then the 'gifts' started I'm not sure where this witness had read about 'gifting', but I've read about it too, where 'contactees' start receiving small gifts pebbles, small sticks etc,.., sometimes the contactee leaves the gift and bigfoot takes it away. By the time we arrived on the scene, we were told that a small ornamental owl had been taken, and found on the branch of a tree, way out of human reach must have been Bigfoot of course.

I like to think I have a pretty good eye for detail, but I suspect even *without* my contact lenses I would have seen the two holes in the soil near



"Bulled, you're a disgrace to the National Pack Service. You're supposed to arrest peachers, not out them?"

the tree where the feet of a ladder had sunk! My question at the time was 'Why'? I thought I knew the answer in this case - it was because she was lonely and needed attention, and partly because she was delusional. She had pictures of Bigfoot on the wall of her bedroom and a collection of monster movies in her video collection. And then, something happened recently that made me ask that question again.

Through my work, I had been involved in a criminal trial of a man from Hyde, Cheshire, who had conned people into believing he was a forensics expert. 48 years old, originally from Jamaica, with no formal qualifications, he made his living posing as a Criminal Psychologist and Forensic Examiner.

I went along with the trial, and out of curiosity one evening, 'Googled' his email address you can imagine my surprise when instead of finding his business website, I found a sighting report he had submitted to a paranormal website about a ghost who had been visiting him for several years. He describes himself as "25 years old and have a secure job in a management position,

and have a secure job in a management position, good educational background and no history of mental illness. "

The report can be found at http://www.wirenot.net/X/Articles/aug-dec2002/N-O/notyourusualghoststory.shtml

What are we to do with reports of sightings?

This isn't a question for the Big foot community, it is a question for everyone involved in Cryptozoology, Ufology and any number of paranormal areas you care to mention. Can anyone be trusted?

Clippings

Once again, thanks to Scott McClean for digging out so many of these old newspaper stories. In keeping with the theme of storytelling, I thought this clipping from 1977 was appropriate:

LAWTON MORNING PRESS, Saturday, August 27, 1977

Boy Admits His Story Of Assault By Great Hairy Creature A Hoax

STILWELL, Okla. (AP) — A 15-yearold boy has admitted his story of being attacked by a giant hairy creature was a hoax, officers said Friday.

Tobe O'Neal, Adair County civil defense director, said Brian Jones admitted the hoax after he failed to pass a' polygraph test at Fort Smith, Ark.

"He finally admitted he made it up and it just ballooned on him," O'Neal said.

The boy was not available for comment. O'Neal said the boy told him he was' with friends when he told the story

"The boy apologized to me about it and said, 'I know it's wrong'," the civil defense director said.

The Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation analyzed a hair found on the sleeve of the boy after the "attack" and said it resembled the hair of a black bear.

O'Neal said he had no explanation for the hair but speculated it came from a mule on the family place.





Staffordshire to Woodcock, beyond Newport in Shropshire, for the ease of a party of visitors who were going from one house to another. He was late in coming back; his horse was tired, and could only crawl along at a foot's pace, so that it was ten o'clock at night when he arrived at the place where the highroad crosses the Birmingham and Liverpool canal."

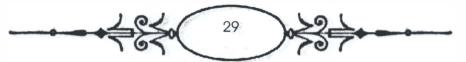
Burne continued: 'Just before he reached the canal bridge, a strange black creature with great white eyes sprang out of the plantation by the roadside and alighted on his horse's back. He tried to push it off with his whip, but to his horror the whip went through the thing, and he dropped it on the ground in fright.'

The story was far from over, as Burnc recorded: 'The poor, tired horse broke into a canter, and rushed onwards at full speed with the ghost still clinging to its back. How the creature at length vanished, the man hardly knew. He told his tale in the village of Woodseaves, a mile further on, and so effectively frightened the hearers that one man actually stayed with friends there all night, rather than cross the terrible bridge which lay between him and his home.

The adventure, as was natural, was much talked of in the neighbourhood, and, of course, with all sorts of variations. Some days later the man's master was surprised by a visit from a policeman, who came to request him to give information of his having been stopped and robbed on the Big Bridge on the night of the

As I write these words, yet another year comes to an end and a new one begins. So, you may ask: what's on the cards for 2007? Well, quite a bit, as it transpires. For years, Jon has been trying to encourage me to write a book about one of the truly strangest cryptozoological mysteries of the 19th Century: namely, that of the so-called Man-Monkey of Ranton, Staffordshire, England. Finally, I've got around to writing the damned thing; and it should be available midway through 2007. And it all began on a cold night back in 1879...

According to Charlotte S. Burne's 1883 book Shropshire Folklore: "A very weird story of an encounter with an animal ghost arose of late years within my knowledge. On the 21st of January 1879, a labouring man was employed to take a cart of luggage from Ranton in





21st January.'

The 'master' explained to the policeman that this was patently not the case, and that it was actually his employee who had reported the weird encounter at the 'Big Bridge', but that robbery played no part in the story. Intriguingly, when the real story was related to him, the policeman seemed hardly surprised and merely replied: 'Oh, was that all, sir? Oh, I know what that was. That was the Man-Monkey, sir, as does come again at that bridge ever since the man was drowned in the cut.'

And that is the legend of the Man-Monkey, as it was spelled out more than a century ago. However, I have been delving deeply into this story for years; and have now accumulated substantial additional data on this saga that takes it to a whole new level, and that encompasses (among numerous other issues) modern-day encounters with the beast of the bridge; spectral kelpies; collapsing bridges and tragic deaths that eerily parallel the escapades of the infamous Mothman; animal sacrifice; black-magic; and much more.

I'll also be presenting a fully-illustrated lecture on the book and the new findings at 2007's Weird Weekend.

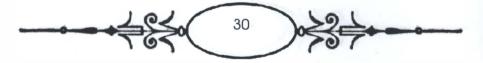
Jon has also asked me to write a book on strange creatures of the Cannock Chase - a large area of woodland in Staffordshire, central England situated close to where I used to live. A distinctly atmospheric place, the folk of the Cannock Chase can boast of encounters with big cats, wallabies, wild boar, oversized eels, wolves, the occasional 'big bird'; and even Bigfoot-style entities that well and truly plunged the nearby town of Cannock into a frenzy during 2006, when the man-beast reports reached absolute

too, will surface at some point in 2007.

Given that CFZ press is now well and truly established (in my mind, at least) as the premier publisher of crypto books, I hope to place more titles in the good and capable hands of your esteemed editor in the future. And: I urge anyone else who may be contemplating writing a crypto-driven book, and who is looking for a publisher, to contact Jon. Given the high-quality of the product that the CFZ is now putting out, you will definitely not be disappointed.

Also on the cards for me in 2007 is a study of various crypto mysteries in the state of Texas; a possible trip to Puerto Rico which will be my third such excursion in search of the Chupacabras; and a werewolf-based project that I hope to be able to reveal more of in the next issue of Animals & Men.





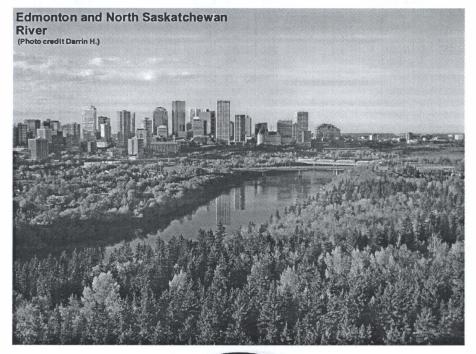
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TERROR

The Legend of Canada's North Saskatchewan River Monster

by Ben Coxworth

One of the defining features of Edmonton, Alberta is the majestic North Saskatchewan River valley, which twists and turns its way through the city. The river itself has an average width of 980 feet (299 metres), but rarely gets deeper than about six feet (two metres) hardly the ideal habitat for an aquatic monster. The fact that the Arctic Ocean is over 1,000 miles (1609 km.) downstream further decreases the likelihood of anything truly creepy making its

way into the immediate waters. Still, when you're crossing the river via the towering High Level Bridge, it's pretty easy to look down into the green-brown depths and imagine what might be lurking at the bottom. The imagination runs even wilder when the river is seen from the seat of a canoe, the water's calm surface occasionally disturbed by mysterious upwellings, as if something big and prehistoric were stirring directly beneath the boat.



Monster Breathes Fire, Scares Boys In River at Rocky Mountain House

(Special to The Journal)

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE, July 24.—The Ogopogo is around again!

Small boys swimming in a pool by the North Saskatchewan river saw a huge object in the river and began throwing stones, though they really thought it was a log.

When a stone hit it, the monster made a dive for the bank and the boys fled up the bank. At the top of the hill, they looked around and when they found the thing was not following them, they stopped to take a good look. They say the monster is huge, an ugly gray, "with eyes like carlights and an ugly red

mouth filled with teeth that could crunch a small boy in a second."

They did not venture down the hill again. The monster stayed on the bank, half in and half out of the water, "breathing fire and making sounds" that stood the boys hair on end. Apparently it was waiting for them to come down the hill. After half an hour, it slid back into the water and disappeared. The boys are positive that what they saw was a living creature, not a log as some are trying to say it must have been.

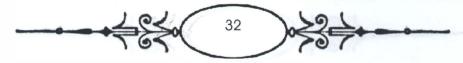
med to take "No logs makes sounds like that, he monster or comes plunging to the bank," they insist Adults are going down in the evenings to try to see the monster.

It was experiences like these that led to my wondering whether any monster sightings had ever been attributed to my city's river. A bit of searching the less-traveled hallways of the Internet led me to the Alberta Lake Monster Bibliography

(www.ecn.ab.ca/~puppydog/lakemons.htm), a listing of water monster-related newspaper articles compiled by Edmonton hobby-cryptozoologist Kevin Stewart. Under the heading "North Saskatchewan River", I was surprised and delighted to find a list of no less than eight articles. All were from either the Edmonton Journal or the Calgary Herald, two of Canada's most prominent daily papers. The articles spanned a period from 1939 to 1943, and told of sightings of a creature near Rocky Mountain House, 138 miles (222 km.) upstream from Edmonton. This was incredible! It might not have been my town, but at least it was my river. I had to find these articles!

As it turned out, finding them was fairly easy. Within the University of Alberta library system, I found all of the original newspaper articles on microfilm, although only one included the reporter's name. Fortunately, the university's Alberta Folklore and Local History Collection also had most of the same pieces in their on-line database (http://folklore.library.ualberta.ca/), this time in the form of pages scanned from a typewritten historical book, and the author of all was listed as Grace Schierholtz. Grace, I later learned, was a Rocky Mountain House resident who served as both a field correspondent for the two daily newspapers and as editor of the local weekly.

Her first article on the monster, from April 1939, bore the headline "Monstrous Ogopogo Scares Indians at Rocky Mountain House." It involved one Chief Walking Eagle, "the most excited Indian seen hereabouts since the days when they scalped the white man." Walking





Is It Just a Ling That Scares Boys and Indian

The Rocky Mountain Terror- gave the boys' strange description several years ago which was about katchewan-is on the rampage

The moster, frequently claimed to have been seen by small boys and Indians in the Rocky Mountain House district, is generally describéd as resembling a cross between a bad dream and a wild

What is it? Is it a survival

dragon.

the "Ogopogo" of the North Sas- of what they had seen as "an ugly this six grey beast, about 15 feet long, with huge red rimmed eyes and horns and a wide mouth big enough to

swallow a small boy." He said it left him "frankly, very puzzled." "I wondered if maybe the boys were not seeing things," said Mr.

Kjar. HUGE MOUTH

However, he went on to state from one.

Mr. Kjar said he had a friend who claimed to

six, seven and eight feet long. "They have even been seen in the Bow," he said.

. Mr. Kjar said that the creatures are not dangerous, as far as he knows, as he has never heard of an accident or tragedy resulting

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from prehistoric times, or some unique, hitherto unidentified species ?

JUST A LING? it its Latin name Molva Vulgaris. was pointed out by Them Kjar, provincial game warden, here to-

Mr. Kjar said that he read the stery in Friday's Herald which in the North Saskatchewan River

day.

that there are such things as "Lings" which frequent the rivers in this province.

'Usually these creatures are of cight or ten feet." he said. "They are extraordinarily ugly, with a wide, flat head, and huge whiterimmed mouth."

"I personally," he said, "saw one

They aren't so very rare." he said, "but they don't usually grow

to the size described by the boys." Possibly with an eye to a stel-Possibility that it may be noth- about two or three feet in length, lar attraction for the Calgary Zoo. ing more than a Ling, or to give but occasionally they reach a size one of the leading officials of the zuological society said he was pripared to offer a substantial reward pa if the boys would go back out to their swimming hole, where they saw "Pink Eye", and bring him S back alive.

Eagle had apparently been crossing the river with his horse team and wagon, when a giant creature surfaced immediately behind him. Schierholtz wrote, "It had horns instead of ears, its eyes were as big as plates, it had no tusks, or trunk, but otherwise, the chief insisted it looked like an

elephant." He proceeded to gallop his horses across the river, but later crept back to the bank for a second look. When he approached the creature, "it raised out of the water, made a swishing movement towards him and opened its mouth". Needless to say, Walking Eagle



He Saw Ogopogo, Says Rocky Visitor

Was 'as Big as a Boxcar, Had Red Eyes Size of Plates'

187 OM OWN CONCENSIONALL ROCKY NOUNTAIN HOUSE, July 18 — The Ogopogo that has been reported in the North Saskatchewan river here for the past two years, is said to have been seen again. It was so late in appearing this spring that citizens feared it had departed, but Jimmle Richardson of Regina, who is visiting here for the holidays, claims that he saw the monster close to the river bank on Tuesday.

Jimstie was swimming in a pool by the river and walked down to the bank. He says he was look-ing down the river when a hissing sound made hira turn, and he got the scare of his life.

This is Jimmie's story: An inverse monter, "as hig as a box ear," had half raised itself out of the water and was coming towards him. He says the animal to gray, while a huge bony head and red eyes, the site of plates. WARTED A MEAL

Jimmie raced up the bank for safety, then turned around. The reconstruct was attential the waters of an opening and shutting its mouth that could resily have swallowed a 'tru-see boy. It waved its head around for a minthe river, then moved back into the river, unit only the top of its back was visible.

List year, the Indiana claimed

Company Drops In

TJRNER VALLEY, July 18 -- Last Sunday's ball game was in progress at Royalties. A lady who resides in the village was watching the game and was very upset when a messenger arrived with the news that there was a man in her house and the had

man it bet hause and the had better aurry home.

She was hardly prepared for the abook when abe arrived horde, for not and was there as nan in her bouse, but his car as well. One of the officials of a legal drilling company haderspaced showing the well of her house had been deed to be the state of the company of the same and the same present the same present cally inside the cum.

back was visible.

Lets year, the Indians etained that they saw the Ogopogo and in little Ogopogo with it, but Jimpale, andy now one. Several and the buye claim to have seen the manufer buye claim to have seen the moneter but none was treated to as good, a dwe as Jimmile, who is sume it was looking for a heal. In or within half a mile. They all who have seen the moneter had now seen the moneter and they have not within half a mile. They half who have seen the moneter as earch the Ogopogo would not have think it is looking for a beat them, if it could eath them.

refused to use that particular crossing again, and none of the members of his tribe would even camp near it.

Subsequent articles over the next few years told of more of the beast's exploits.

On two occasions, it chased swimmers out of the river. In the first instance, witness Jimmie Richardson described it as being "big as a box car" and colored "gray, with a huge bony head and red eyes." After chasing Jimmie, "The monster was almost at the water's edge, opening and shutting its mouth that could easily have swallowed a teen-age boy." Appropriately enough, the other swimmers that it chased were indeed boys. One of them described it as huge

and gray "with eyes like carlights and an ugly red mouth filled with teeth that could crunch a small boy in a second." In a follow-up article, a game warden suggested that the boys might have seen a giant freshwater ling cod. Perhaps a little unlikely, given that such fish usually only reach a length of about three feet (0.9 metres).

While its human quarry always got away, local livestock was a different story. Three years after the monster was a prime suspect in the disappearance of some riverside sheep, local farmer Robert Forbes actually witnessed it snatching one of his calves.

"He saw the big head rise out of the water and grab the calf" proclaimed the Journal. "He ran to the bank, shouted and threw rocks. He was sure he hit it, but the beast paid no attention and finally disappeared under the water with its prey [...] Mr. Forbes' description of the ogopogo agrees with those given by others who claim they have





THE CALGARY HERALD, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1939

Monstrous Ogopogo Scares Indians at Rocky Mountain House

Pupils of Springbank School Learn Modern Lessons, But Still Ride the Old Trails

By BOROTHY JORGENS men when they were young they upon at incredible huma, performed Hervichent tasks before terealdnet, and walked or hode many stillor to solved. But when Autor to difficult to get up and States dermine at making bank, parwets in the Springhank School District are in he position to criticise the prown generathen, or to evenished inscrurately in order to improve their jumpaters with the enterprise of an variety generation. These school children gatup early, belo with chores and ride zeveral miles in achool. If the perents did bring up amerishes of their pouch, they would probably getthe term reply: "So what?" The children find mething remarkable in such everysay

The first Springhank school was built of legs on a tile about half a raile from that of the present school, in 1800, the first room of the present school was built, and in 1928 the momend room was added for students from Greden VII to XL Many of the parents of the popile now going to the school west there also; in fact, three of the houdents attending in

2000, are still living in the district. blest of the students ride to school and in winky the burn must hold thirty bygges. The gverage distance is three miles, but several children ride five. The junctur, a boy of 14, rides five miles even in 43 below zoro weather and goes surface than usual when the weather is sold in order to have the action warm before he bearing Mrs. Elbeards, gets there. Mrs. when the reads are drifted the walks. He menter how thep the drifts or how cold the wedging, the strendance is alread along perfect.

THE chief problem for the senior tops school students in that of getting crowing authorit. The department of education allows only a certain marsher to be taught in cural high ertidis number to be trught in rural high cheals obers fished ia has jointh high school. Therefore, the Crede X and XI students are shiged to take few of their subjects by cert-repositioner. They are allowed a critial assessable of time each few tober subjects, and receive as bein during school hours. The work down is chealed not resistantly by a Chiprey teether, and the fact that they productly have been ru-tering the company of the company of the time of the company of the company of the time of the company of the company of the time of the company of the company of the time of the time of the company of the company of the time of time that they compere towardly with aroun school

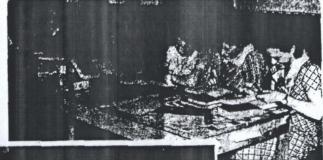
The next difficulty is that of carrying on group study when there are other classes in the stoom to he taught at the same time, and the rooms to be unight at the same time, and this problem of muting students for this work. Group work emissis he inscreamfully carried out where there are big double desks acreared to the floor. The desks were put as skids, and a table was quastructed and set as the back of the room within sury reach of the library. Here the senior tach achos! Statesta carry on reference work, conduct their discussions and ergunian their rust-ried for notes. Meanwhile a imiet class one ; given issaurs at the front

The russe 's equipped for a chemistry course and for the section of the physics course ting light. West your the light apparatus will be exchanged for heat appearates, which is being used this year in amother achant.

Mrs. Edwards says that the work of leaching does not change in quantity or hind, even

DARENTE in the city may be able to point they weren't any, they wouldn't be at a fore for out in a superior fast ton to their Children something to do at norms and receipts. Form, that when they were young they goes at Shorp Run and Poss-Post-Pull-Away are favorites, for they require only energy, imaginatime and picety of space. In the winter, they play more garnes such as Fex and Grove. The buys often go rabbit hunting ever the neigh-

boring fields If the weather is so bed they have to stay in some give usy to hobbies. The girly half and embroider. The boys make unful house. hold sergicles with fretance. Last winter they rigged up an electric bell for the school. The tashion arrangst the children in the junior room makings in crosses in the Julius room was a pary field Cross hospital. A performance that could hardly be called a name so arrives it was. Soleme little coctors and capped and aprumed marmy performed manner







Top-Grade Ten and Alerea students of Springhenk S.D. working at their study lable

Middle ... Miss Johnston in the tweeter room gots the first craretes of the season from the towns, Ciarence and Harney Buckley, who are in Grade

Rottow... Robert Bucklen twing his Rarge to the season steps after risting five miles to light the fires.





War by Propaganda

Germany's Campaign for Conquest

BY GLADYS ARNOLD

back, and the story of 20th century citi. German staff shoul the Suscientand situafirstion is read; one of its chapters will describe the development of perhaps the most sinister and perceici weapon over invented.

member at the French and a monther of the Which the pages of history are turned American staffs were followed to ane of the

it's all a bluff," mid the American, "Ger-many knows Great Diffust would rever permit a savone has set foot in Cincha-Shorakle, jet alone Indians, all as excited so Walting Eagle. They

Chief Walking Eagle Says It's a Hippopotamus

Ry O. A SCHIERMOLTE

MILES WALKING FARS & WILLIAM WE wer elizable by a see write pl on a wader property and foreign the Month Sale indistraces, torre of the con team at Rocky

the name posting the trace the most one wird former were terrespects when the days others they waited the while men. Reching up to in he similarly stal he had been chosed by an " mart with richt A hag gray tour fled herather tire

With appear to ad the start a must writer luction and an indice at him expensionally and asked atters to got for fore-water or had In team thing his man transfer the monter?

He was sudgment: "I come drick I'm a Chainlinh " he defaces For sen teet long, his at an elegant, chaud on across the bed."

The that has son elephants in the commit inflationy and whatever he saw was more blue the siephant thankany alone animal he could name. We quellered Suffer. No. 2 had no Staff, streets him a first that way, It must become increase of rar. its eyes were as hig as plates, it had no facts or trunk but american, the chief motion that it leaked like an elephant. Anyway, if wan uray, and an hirr as a lumme.

We harriedly benught wit an aid geography and showed been the pierces of weld amounts. Ah, there it is: The printed true to pregentation, block high that than anything, but he was test earlied to try pressument the meet, so went back to saying it being like an elephant.

BY degrees we got the story. It seems the waster sciet line about two works ago, had bern ramped orsens the rivey, as the ferry was and in the Then they decided to move right opturne sahirty their bastoen through and he off to Raoff to see the King and Queen. That meant geeing their bose and deceased across the river. So they went down in the factl below the old tracking past and started 207058. When race than half way over, the

rhed beard a strange sound and inclind back.
What he saw was an exclud, all right: "That anistics was right at the lacts where it my waters, he said "You less firry. I gallaged the factors over the ford and up the next bill." We asked if he didn't he back for another

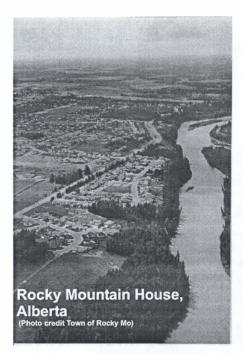
Yes. When he was wall owner from the NY. When he was nell away from the fiver, he had had neared to he nerves and he went gingerly back to the water. The monter was almost hishes in the water. In a sleep post just down alreas from the brid-When Walking Eagle approached, it raised out of the water, made a switching surveyand to wards him, and opened its month. It's a wood

wards him, and opened the crossion. Are a won-cler's the chool into Tunnism 2001.

Couldn't is be a log! The chief worled.

He lanes loge, he's here seeing them in the river log forty years. No, he creatinty did not noe a log. Ner was he bitneded by half-Both, for he made the crossing past of easts, he the bright spring numbios. He reced into town to tell us about it. When

we were finally convinced that the chief was start bedaub on balen tight nist my dusted teath to the river with him. Not a sign of the



seen it: 20-foot grey beast; red eyes, horns and a mouth big enough to swallow a small calf or lamb."

The ogopogo was also, rather touchingly, spotted with six babies in tow, and was encountered by a visiting Scottish RAF Pilot-in-Training, who was exploring the riverbank. "He poked at a pile of branches and stumps with a long pole, and was startled 'when a huge head reared up from the middle of the brush pile'" the Herald stated. "He says, 'the head was at least double the size of any animal head I have ever seen gray, with huge red-rimmed eyes."

It was one of the final articles, however, that really caught my attention. Printed in the Journal in October of 1943, it declared "Ogopogo Heuds For Edmonton." A short piece, it stated that hunters near the town of Drayton Valley had sighted the monster, just 70 miles (112 km.) upstream from Edmonton. The

article hypothesised that the creature was heading for its winter home in Lake Winnipeg (over 830 miles (1336 km.) downstream!), in which case "the serpent must pass through Edmonton, and hawk-eyed observers might just be able to see him." Sure, it was likely all just a bunch of 60 year-old baloney, but here was an actual major newspaper suggesting that a water monster might have passed through my city! This was much, much more than I ever thought I'd find when I originally Googled "monster" + "north saskatchewan river"."

Revisiting the Alberta Lake Monster Bibliography, I noticed there were a lot of other articles (not written by Schierholtz) concerning monster sightings in a place called Saddle Lake. As recently as 1984, it turns out, the local native tribal council actually closed boat access to the lake, partially out of fear of the monster. The University of Alberta came and patrolled the lake with a depth sounder, and ultimately a government helicopter was called in for an aerial look-see. And what was the connection to the Rocky Mountain House beast? Saddle Lake is downstream from Edmonton, and is connected to the river! Suddenly, it seemed entirely possible that some bizarre critter might have served as the real-life basis for some tall tales in Rocky Mountain House, said 'Hi' to the hunters in Drayton Valley, then swam under the bridges and canoes of Edmonton, and into Saddle Lake.

It was at this point that I decided I needed to contact someone in the town where it all began. It stood to reason that the present editor of *The Mountaineer*, Grace's old local weekly, might know something about the legend. I emailed him, explaining what I was researching, and he responded the same day. With his response, the mystery sadly ended.

"The ogopogo sightings were the invention of Grace Schierholtz," Brian Mazza informed me. "She set out to prove that the upper reaches of the North Saskatchewan River were the spawning ground for the BC [British Columbia] monster... Grace was bound and determined to put Rocky Mountain House on the map. As you

see by her clippings, she succeeded." On one occasion, she went so far as to have a friend throw logs into the river, which she then photographed. "She apparently sent the photos to the editor of one of the papers as 'proof' that small ogopogos had been spotted in the river" Brian explained. "The editor returned the photos with a note saying 'They look suspiciously like logs to me'." Angie Edgerton, a Rocky Mountain House resident who knew Grace well, remembers her fondly. "She certainly, shall I say, had a good imagination," Angie told me. "She could make a good story out of little or nothing... She was a very entertaining person."

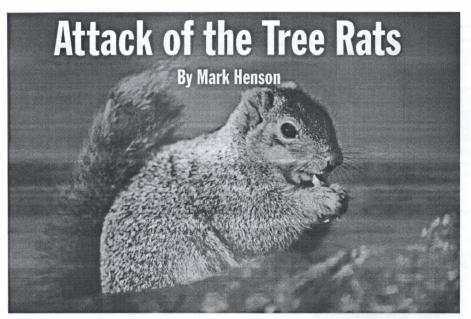
So there it was. Not only had the Rocky Mountain Ogopogo itself never existed, but even its mythology was created and maintained by just one person. Perhaps it's possible that Grace's first article inspired some other peoples' bogus beast sightings, which were then "truthfully" reported in the later pieces, but nothing really supports such a theory. When asked if she thought that other people might have contributed sightings. Angie said. "I hardly think so. I think that [Grace] was the creator."

Interestingly, witnesses in four of the articles described the creature in terms of what they thought could fit in its mouth... Perhaps just a coincidence, but more likely an indicator that all those descriptions came from one person's imagination. It's somewhat surprising that the *Journal and the Herald* would have ran so many questionable stories about the monster, most of them even on the front page, but the editors probably thought their readers would appreciate hearing about something more fun than World War II. Then as today, the "wouldn't-it-be-nice-to-believe" stories evidently had a way of ducking beneath the editorial radar.

So, for me, the North Saskatchewan now looks just a little bit less... intriguing. An employee of Edmonton's River Valley Authority once told me that there were unofficial accounts from "back in the old days" of 12-foot sturgeons being hauled out of the river, right within the city. Given my recent experience with the ogopogo, I think I'll just take his word for it.

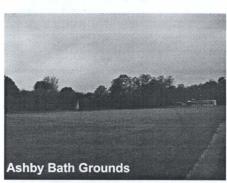
Ben Coxworth is an Edmonton-based freelance writer and television producer/videographer. He likes weird things that live in the water. He can be reached at coxworth@shaw.ca





We now have a type of rodent in our midst which I can only describe as a maniac squirrel. A creature, which seems to be growing less timid, more intelligent, ever more resourceful and even rather aggressive! We have all seem the television footage of these super-charged speedy critters taking on the mini assault courses, rigged up in peoples back gardens. Although from the accounts that I am about to tell, I believe you will agree with me after reading this article that

some squirrels are far from this warm and cuddly stereotypical image!



Everyone usually laughs at this story, but I swear it is true as it happened to me back in 1998. One afternoon while I was out walking. through my hometown of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire. I was shockingly the victim of what I then believed may well have been the first deliberate attack on a human by a squirrel. The "attack" took place near to the grounds of the ancient Ashby Castle. While walking along, I stood to observe a rather frantic acting grey squirrel in front of me, normally these creatures soon scuttle away on the first glimpse of a human, but for some reason this particular critter was acting rather differently. Scattered around the floor were a lot of fallen sticks and branches, brought down from the trees presumably in the recent blustery weather. It was in this debris that the squirrel was rummaging around. Somehow the rodent managed to grasp a rather large chunk of wood, almost the size of itself, run up to a nearby tree,





then in my opinion deliberately appeared to throw the chunk of wood straight at me, just skimming past my ear!

My reflections on this story are that the animal in question was without doubt an average grey squirrel; in fact there were a few other people there to witness the event. Although why would a grey squirrel want to attack a person? At the time it almost seemed like there was a strange force possessing the squirrel, but that would just be nonsense! The most logical reason, which eventually occurred to me, was that perhaps it was an act of self-defence by the squirrel, which had been startled by me. This would be even more plausible if the rodent had been protecting its young, possibly resident within a drey in one of the nearby trees.

After my own experience several years ago, which has somewhat changed my viewpoint on the grey squirrel as a rather shy and retiring type of animal, I was fascinated when I recently

stumbled upon some even more serious attacks against humans reported on various reputable website sources from the internet, which has prompted me to put together this chronological list of grey squirrel attacks.

A particuarly nasty case of a grey squirrel serial attacker was reported in the ironically named Cheshire town of Knutsford, during 2002. The squirrel had already attacked a man mowing his lawn and a woman walking down the street. Then the next startling attack happened when a two year old girl by the name of Kelsi Morley was out walking with her mother Helen, when the animal viciously bit young Kelsi on the

face. The young girl's grandfather, Geoff Horth, was so angered about the attack that he took his shotgun, hunted down and shot the grey squirrel in revenge.

Amazingly in Germany during 2003, a girl by the name of Lisa Fremmel whom was 10 years old at the time, was chased 30 foot up a tree and had to be rescued by fire-fighters after her runin with a particularly territorial squirrel. The squirrel was being noisy and aggressive and tried to bite her shoe. The reason it bit her shoe may have had certain significance as squirrel expert Walter Koenig [EDITOR'S NOTE: the actor from Star Trek?] from the German Park Authority said, "The squirrel may have regarded her shoes as a rival, as they are very territorial at this time of year, or it may just have been protecting a store of nuts." Whatever the squirrel's motives were, it soon got bored of chasing Lisa up the tree, and scarpered off. A passing person eventually heard Lisa's cries for





help and called for the fire service to rescue Lisa.

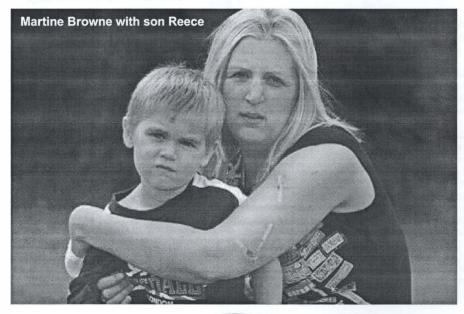
Shockingly, during 2005 in Russia a group of black squirrels, were seen biting a stray dog to death! The dog was running around the trees barking up at the squirrels, which seemed to provoke the attack from the black squirrels up above in the trees. As soon as some people arrived on the scene, it was too late to stop the attack; they witnessed the pack of black squirrels running off carrying pieces of dog flesh with them as they went.

According to the BBC, the reason for the attack is thought to have been due to a lack of pinecones, the black squirrels staple diet, within the parkland area of the Lazo village, forcing

otherwise broadly herbivorous rodents to seek alternative food sources.

Meanwhile back in Britain during 2005, another attack on a pet dog happened, this time to a pet Labrador named Carl owned by Alison Campbell, and her 10 year old daughter Ellie. Carl the dog was chasing a grey squirrel into the woods, but when they both re-emerged, it was the squirrel that had the upper hand in the scrap. The squirrel attacked the dog by biting it on the neck. A passer-by had to intervene to prevent further injury to the dog. Mrs Campbell said:

"Carl was frantic, running around like some crazed loony and barking like mad. There was blood everywhere."





In spring 2006, Southampton University students were warned that a rising number of 'mad' squirrels could affect their safety travelling along Lover's Lane from Highfield Campus to the Avenue. One student was recently forced to miss an entire week's worth of lectures due to a squirrel attack. "It was horrible. I was on my way to hand in my coursework and this thing jumped off a tree branch and onto my head, now I find myself scared to return to lectures," he said.

During the summer of 2006 in Swindon, a grey squirrel attacked a mother and son as they walked near to their home in Swindon. The squirrel repeatedly attacked Martine Browne (see previous page), as she tried in vain to scare it away after it pounced on her three year old son's head. Mrs Browne was taken to Swindon's Great Western Hospital for treatment on her hands and arm after the rampant rodent repeatedly bit her. She had pointed the animal out to her son and six year old stepdaughter, just before the squirrel launched its attack on them

Apparently, it's not only people and other animals which the squirrels will attack. This time in Devon, also during the summer of 2006, a grey squirrel bit into a power cable, causing a power outage in the area, to 10,380 households, which lasted for five hours in the Marsh Barton and St Thomas areas of Exeter! The squirrel in question was subjected to a massive shock of 11,000 volts of electricity through its body, killing it instantly.

The most recent event I have found was reported from the United States in 2006 at Oil City, about 75 miles north of Pittsburgh. This time the victim in question was Barb Dougherty, a 30 year old Postal Service employee. While posting mail on her round on Allegheny Avenue, Barb Dougherty saw a squirrel on the porch and the moment she

turned away the squirrel attacked. The animal ran up her leg and jumped on her back, she eventually managed to pull the crazed squirrel off her. The squirrel in question had to be killed and Barb Doherty was taken to hospital and given a rabies in jection as a precaution.

The popular folklore theory to explain the decline of the red squirrel population, which states that the grey squirrels are physically attacking red squirrels, is almost certainly untrue. Ironically, even though we have evidence that grey squirrels have attacked humans and other animals like dogs, there is no real evidence of physical battles between the grey and red squirrels. The real reason that the reds are dying out is for more complicated reasons. Firstly, grey squirrels have always been much better than the reds at populating the deciduous woodland areas, while the reds have been driven back to the pine tree areas.

Plus, the grey squirrels are also now carrying a new kind of virus called parapox. Although the grey squirrels *carry* the parapox, they have an excellent immunity to the disease, having antibodies which prevent them from being harmed by the virus. The poor reds, on the other hand, are unfortunately the ones to be worse hit by parapox virus. The parapox has a particularly nasty effect in red squirrels in some ways similar to the effect of myxomatosis on the rabbit population.

Another breed of wildlife, which the grey squirrels put in peril, are the British songbirds. The grey squirrels have been known to raid the nests of songbirds, feeding off the eggs and fledglings they find. According to a three year study by the Game Conservancy Trust, one bird in particular, which has suffered heavy attacks, is the spotted flycatcher, already an endangered

breed. The modern day squirrel's diet does seem to have changed somewhat; many people believe these rodents to be strictly vegetarian, although there is much evidence to suggest a more omnivorous nature to the grey, such as the tendency to raid birds nests, especially so when their normal food sources become scarce. In particular squirrels, which live around urban areas have become accomplished scavengers, living off the waste foods left by households.

To end this article. I would like to try and suggest a reason for these squirrel attacks, as they do seem rather strange. Indeed, the only decent motives that springs to mind are self defence or to protect a nearby drey of young squirrels, which I have already stated as a personal theory.

A theory of mine, however, is that these squirrels could be suffering from a kind of psychological disorder making them overly aggressive.

For instance, if a squirrel is kept in captivity for a reasonably long period of time and then released, (as a matter of fact it is actually illegal to release a captive grey squirrel back into the wild), the rodent's mental state of mind would surely be affected during a spell in captivity and it may well lose its fearful and timid disposition: Thus making it more aggressive, and even more likely to attack a human.

Whatever the reason for these strange attacks on innocent members of the public, by these aggressive grey furry critters. It is certainly a crazy fact that such a small rodent can cause such a large amount of terror on innocent members of the public.

Perhaps when we are all next out in the woods, we should keep an eye on the treetops, as you never know what may be watching you from up above!

Sources from the Internet used to compile the list of squirrel attack cases

BBC News Online article "Granddad guns

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/england/2415095.stm
AOL News Online "Squirrel Attacks Letter
Carrier"

http://news.aol.com/topnews/articles/_a/squirrel-attacks-letter-carrier/n20061102121809990004
FoxNews.com "Squirrel Attack Sends
Pennsylvania Postal Carrier to Hospital"
http://www.foxnews.com/story/0,2933,226760,0
0.html

BBC News Online "Squirrel sparks city power cuts"

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/england/devon/47886

The Guardian "Squirrel causes blackout of 10,000 Exeter homes"

http://www.guardian.co.uk/uk_news/story/0,,18 44530.00.html

Metro.co.uk "Gangster squirrels strike again" http://www.metro.co.uk/weird/article.html?in_article id=18438&in page id=2

BBC New Online article "Russian squirrel pack 'kills dog"

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/europe/448979 2.stm

Chased by an Angry Squirrel

http://www.metro.co.uk/weird/article.html?in_article id=3416&in page id=2

Telegraph article, "Labrador loses to a squirrel"

Http://www.telegraph.co.uk/global/main.jhtml?xml=/global/2005/09/02/nsquir02.xml

Wessesscene Online, "Squirrels going nuts terror ensues"

http://www.wessexscene.co.uk/article.php?sid=1594

Daily Mail article, "I was savaged by a Squirrel Nutcase"

Http://www.dailymail.co.uk/pages/live/articles/news/news.html?in_article_id=398822&in_page_id=1770&ct=5





feature THE CFZ INVESTIGATES



High in the mountains of Mid-Wales, near the northern boundary of the Brecon Beacons National Park, sits a beautiful glacial lake. Llangorse Lake is the second largest lake in Wales after Bala Lake and, like Bala, is also the reputed home of a monster. The lake covers an area of over 327 acres and is comma shaped with a circumference of over 5 miles. Llangorse is awash with folklore, including tales of a sunken city referenced by Gerald of Wales in the first

book of his travelogue. The city was, according to legend, drowned in the dark ages and can be seen as a mirage, floating over the surface of the lake in the thick early morning mist, having been heralded the night before by the banshee like wailings of the ghost of its former queen. Other tales include the waterfowl of the lake singing melodically when commanded to by true heirs to the Welsh throne and the lake monster known as the afanc.





Afanc, also known as addanc and avanc, are a type of lake and river monster reported in the west of Britain, particularly in the traditionally Celtic areas of Wales and Ireland. Due to the sometimes slapdash nature of translation from the Welsh and Irish languages, what afanc look like, is very confused. Many books and websites report that afanc are anything from large half crocodile half beaver chimeras, to semi aquatic dwarfs armed with spears that like to jump out of the water to attack unwary travellers. In fact afanc do not look like beavers or dwarfs, the former misconception stemming from an English translation of the word which also means beaver in Welsh, and the latter stemming from a tall tale masked as medieval folklore by Iolo Morganwg (aka Ned of Glamorgan). All one can say of afanc with certainty is that they look crocodilian, are green, long and are still sighted to this day, the most well known afanc being 'Teggie' of Lake Bala.

The earliest known mention of the afanc of Llangorse Lake in literature is in the 15th century poem 'Yr avanc' by bard Lewys Glyn Cothi, who referred to the lake by its then name Syfaddon Mere.

"The afanc am I, who, sought for, bides In hiding on the edge of the lake; Out of the waters of Syfaddon Mere Was be not drawn, once he got there

So with me: nor wain nor oxen wont to toil Me to-day will draw from here forth."

The poem is about a man's reluctance to leave a place he loves and his use of the afanc of Syfaddon mere as a simile for this suggests that the afanc has been a known resident of the lake for a long time and has passed into local knowledge to the extent that it is assumed

whoever heard the poem would understand the reference.

I first heard of the afanc of Llangorse Lake whilst on a camping holiday in the area as a child. My friend and I had awoke at dawn and walked over the common ground and down to the lake, which was shrouded in a thick morning mist. Whilst gazing across the lake, its extensive reed beds and the dark-age crannog I speculated that it looked like Loch Ness and wondered out loud if this lake too might be home to a monster. Before my friend could reply, an old fisherman, who had been fiddling with his tackle on the bank near us, grunted; "It does ... Monster in there, there is."

Excited by what the fisherman had told us, we staked-out the lake for the best part of a day, but didn't see anything.

I heard nothing more about Llangorse Lake until 1999, when a newspaper article detailed an alarming incident at the lake. In the last week of August a man named Darren Blake had been staying at the 'Lakeside Caravan and Camp Site' by the common keen to indulge in a spot of water-skiing. Until recently, there had been a thriving water-sports scene at the lake; one of a very small number of lakes in Britain large enough to get a good long tow for water-skiers. Speedboats used to frequent the lake too, tearing up the surface as they raced by. By 1999 new speed restrictions, when not towing a skier, and a limit of a maximum two water-skiers on the lake at any one time had the effect of limiting traffic on the lake. The speed restrictions also had the effect of turning the unfortunate Darren Blake into a giant fishing lure once the boat stopped after towing him. A five-foot pike darted towards Blake's legs and mauled one of his feet and ankles in scenes apparently



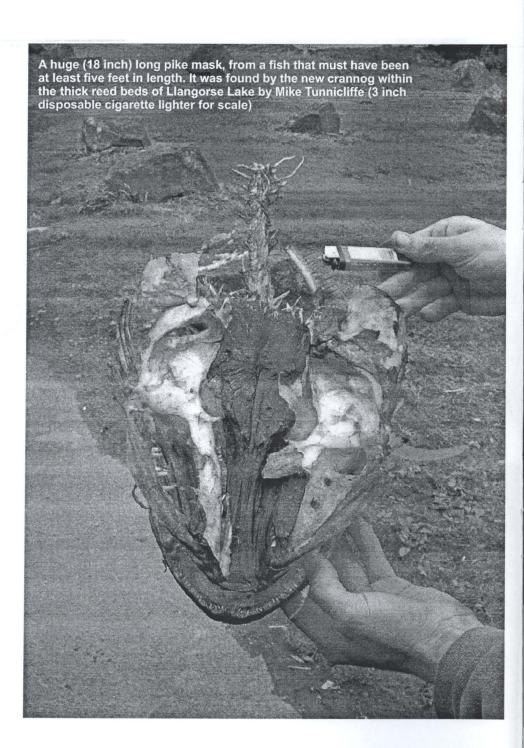


reminiscent of Jaws. The boat pilot and several local fishing men helped Blake into the speedboat, after which he was taken to hospital for treatment of seven separate lacerations. Blake's foot eventually healed but after the incident he commented "I am hobbling around at the moment, but I am just glad to have my foot in one piece - that fish could have killed someone with a weak heart."

Five foot is very large for a British pike, the fish would have weighed approximately 40-45lb and only 28 pike weighing 40lb have ever been caught in Britain since records began. Large pike are caught regularly in Llangorse with a 36lb pike caught in 2004 by metropolitan police officer Rob Bending, and an impressive 26lb pike was caught there last year. Both fish were de-hooked and released back into the lake in a good state of health.

Those catches, however, pale into insignificance when one considers that the largest pike ever caught in Britain was a hefty 68lb monster. A man named O. Owens in Llangorse Lake caught this pike in 1846. The appearance of a large pike darting near the top of the water can certainly look crocodilian, and even a seasoned fisherman would do a double take if they saw something that large for a split second so could be the origin of the afanc legend.

It was after PC Bending contacted me about his 36lb pike that I decided to return to Llangorse to ascertain whether there was any evidence for my theory that there were oversized pike in Llangorse Lake, and that these very pike may be the explanation for tales of a fanc. The evening I arrived at the Campsite and pitched my tent the Lakeside's Hallowe'en disco was in full swing, and I asked at the bar if anyone had heard tales





of the monster that was meant to lurk under the clear waters of the lake. I was in luck, as the young barmaid whispered those magic words every cryptozoologist longs to hear...

"Oh. that."

"I'll go get Mike, he's the one to ask about 'Gorsey'." she said. Mike Tunnicliffe is the manager and landlord of the 'Lakeside Caravan and Camp site', that also owns the lake's jetties, and provides rowing boat rental for fishing, so if anything is caught or seen at Llangorse Lake. Mike usually finds out about it. I introduced myself to Mike and he was very keen to help out, wavering my tent pitching fees and giving me free boat rental, bait and a nice new pike lure. Mike is a thoroughly good chap. While I was talking to Mike, he confirmed the tales of the large pike, it had even been the great grandfather of his wife. Mel, who had been the boatman when the 68lb pike caught by O. Owens in 1846. Mike also confirmed the Story of Darren Blake's attack in 1999 having been on site at the time.

The confirmation of the stories I had heard was only the tip of the iceberg though, Mike's own sighting of the afanc of Llangorse Lake, or Gorsey as it has come to be known locally, spurred him and his friend 'Doctor Mike', a expert in local history and folklore, on a mission to find out more about the afanc and keep an eye on the lake for more sightings. Twenty years ago (circa 1987) Mike Tunnicliffe and 'Doctor Mike' were on a shoot and on a boat in the lakes exclusion zone in the shallows by the lake's extensive reed beds when their dogs spotted something. The three Labradors started barking, or going "absolutely mental" as Mike Tunnicliffe described it, and jumped in the water. One of the dogs, Iggy, must have been braver than the others and jumped on top of what had

than the others and jumped on top of what had caused the disturbance. It was a huge pike basking near the surface of the water that darted away quickly after the dogs started causing a commotion.

It was before I returned to my tent that night that Mike showed me something amazing. It was a photograph of a half rotted pike skull, or mask as they are known, that he had found near the new crannog he had helped build. The photograph contains a disposable eigarette lighter from which it is possible to judge the scale. The pike mask in the photograph is around 18 inches long. The pikes full size may have been in excess of 5 foot in length and 50lbs in weight. By anyone's standards that is one hell of a fish.

The next day, before setting out on the lake, I met Mike again to ask a few more questions. One question I asked was what was the oldest reference he had heard to the afanc. As it turned out Lewys Glyn Cothi's poem may well be the oldest literary reference but there was a possible older allusion to an afanc in Llangorse lake.

In 1993 the Channel 4 archaeology television programem *Time Team* had helped out with an archaeological dig on the Dark Age crannog on the lake. The crannog was built on the lake around 890AD for the kings and queens of Brycheiniog, who - according to legend - used it as a place of coronation. Whilst excavating the crannog, among the bones of corgis, the team found the oldest known specimen of Welsh tartan. Once cleaned a picture could be seen on the fabric. A picture of an animal, some say a picture of a great serpentine afanc.

Later I looked at a reproduction of the tartan, now at Cardiff University, that is displayed in





the new crannog near where Mike found the giant pike mask. To me, it was hard to define for certain what the animal featured on the tartan might be. However, if it is a depiction of an afanc, it raises the possibility that afanc were associated with the lake in the Dark Ages, and that by this time the it was such a well known symbol of Brycheiniog and Llangorse Lake, that it would be recognized on a tartan.

Mike Tunnicliffe also told me of when his wife, Mel, had seen something taking a duck from under the water, which could have been a giant pike or another large fish such as a wels catfishlike the one the CFZ encountered in Martin Mere. Doctor Mike's assistant, Marrie Gordons, who attended in his stead for a short interview, has not seen any afanc on the lake but she has seen the carcases of fairly large pike that have been attacked by something larger. Pike are known to attack other pike and known to indulge in cannibalistic activities.

The giant pike are not the only big fish in Llangorse Lake, some very large eels have been caught in the lake too. When an eel fishing enterprise organised extensive eel fishing in the lake in 1996 several eels were netted that measured over 5 feet, and 7lbs. This is much larger than eels normally grow to in British waters, approximately 2-3 feet.

Out on the lake, I fished near the spot where Mike had found the pike mask, using a small bomb weight, float, 2 barbless treble hooks and mackerel. I had no luck in tempting pike with this set up or any of the other lures I

tried, but this may have had more to do with the fact that, due to heavy rainfall, the lake had burst its banks, than from poorchoice of tackle.

Looking across the lake, waiting for a bite that wouldn't come, I had time to reflect on some theories as to what might have caused some pike, which were almost certainly one and the same as the af anc, to grow so large in Llangorse Lake. As af anc have been reported in the lake on and off for at least 500 years, and probably longer, it is unlikely that it is the same individual pike, so that means there is either something in the water, the pike are a new species or hybrid, or it may have something to do with food supply or the habitat. Whatever is causing some pike to grow to gigantic sizes in the lake is also likely to be the same thing that is causing eels to grow large in the lake.

Hopefully we will be able to solve some of these mysteries when the Centre for Fortean Zoology return later this year.







In 2003 (see A&M29) the CFZ carrried out a major investigation into zooform BHM phenomena at Bolam Lake in Northumberland. Several of the sightings took place around a hollow tree by which John Fuller poses in this photograph. We recently received a sad letter from Davey Curtis telling us that a part of the Bolam Lake landscape has

been lost forever.

"With great sadness in my heart, I regret to inform you that those worthless ****** who work for the council have cut Rosie's favorite Bolam Lake tree down! Not only had many hairy ***** been sighted at that tree, but it was Rosie's best hiding place! It cost me a crunchie and Fredo the frog chocolate bar from the near by cafe to console her. Rot in hell Northumbria Council!

Sniff! In way of some consolation here is a photo of Rosie on her next best tree.

together now: Awwwwwwwwwwww.



Recently, the subject of cryptozoologists imbibing alcohol once again raised its ugly head. Our friend and colleague Adam Davies recently appeared on a National Geographic documentary shot in Mongolia, during which he was seen sharing a bottle of hard

liquor with a Mongolian guide. Inevitably some punters on cryptomundo.com took exception to this, and in answer, Adam posted:

"I took some flak on Cryptomundo for drinking during the "stakeout scene," and I understand it. (If there was product placement then I wasn't paid for it!) I think though people are applying western values to a Mongolian situation. In other words, if you're inviting a Mongolian to stay up all night then its simply rude not to offer him a drink."

As similar accusations have been levelled at the CFZ in the past. I took the opportunity to make the following comment:

"Some years ago I had a high-profile alcohol and drug problem. I am now clean and sober, haven't taken recreational drugs for a long time, and only drink socially and in moderation. However, for some years, in some quarters the CFZ was synonymous with bad behaviour. But even at the height of our excesses, we always had a strict rule that alcohol was not allowed in the field. However, I understand Adam's position wholly, and would probably not have done any different. From my conversations with him. I am sure that NOT having had a drink with his guides on this occasion would have been as bad as refusing to have a "wee dram" with a Nessie witness in a Drumnadrochit pub! Something that could quite possibly cause offense.

When Dale Drinnon says: "I know of several highprofile cryptozoologists who go on expeditions openly punctuated with public boozing and carousing, and who feel no shame about it", such behaviour - if true - must be condemned at all

Even during the darkest excesses of my drinking days, the worst thing I did was to drink too much and behave badly at various conventions, or on one embarrassing occasion telephone Loren Coleman whilst in my cups, and ramble for hours about Bigfoot.

If Cryptozoology is to be taken seriously as a discipline, then its practitioners should act in an appropriate manner when in the field - something which in my opinion Adam did".

Now, at last, can we forget the whole subject. Perlease, as I am sure my youngest step-daughter would say!





At the moment the land at the top of the CFZ grounds looks like this, but soon it will look like THIS! The CFZ Museum will soon be a reality.



The concept of the museum is to present evidence for the existence of unknown animals (cryptids), alongside exhibits illustrating the habitat where these creatures are reported to live. The first four 'habitats' will be:

> Central Africa Rainforest Southern USA Swampland Amazon Basin Southeast Asian hillstream

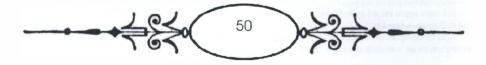
Alongside these habitats will be exhibits detailing local freshwater and marine ecology, and their links to such local mystery animals such as 'the beast of Exmoor'. Other 'habitats' will be added as time goes on, and there will also be permanent exhibitions, consisting of computer installations

and specimens brought back from our expeditions.

This is a free museum which will be open to CFZ members, researchers from around the world, and to the public - for free - on various occasions throughout the year.

We are in negotiations with several potential sponsors, but we can announce some exciting news

The building work is being sponsored by Travis Perkins Builders Merchants (amongst others), and we would like to thank them for their kindness, and look forward to a long and fruitful partnership.





Letters to the Editor

The Editor and his band of merry men welcome an exchange of correspondence on any subject of interest to readers of this magazine. We reserve the right to edit letters and would like to stress that opinions voiced are those of the individual correspondent rather than being necessarily those of the editorial team or the Centre for Fortean Zoology. Every attempt is made not to infringe anyone's moral rights or copyright, and we apologise if we have unwittingly done so.

In Private

I ran across your story about the Illinois panthers and thought I'd share my story. I grew up in Evansville, Indiana. It's in the southern part of that state on the Ohio river. My family had a farm in Haubstadt, a little north of Evansville up highway 41. I used to visit the farm from time to time when I was very little. I clearly remember one visit. It's hard to gauge my age, I would guess 6 or 7, but the memory is clear as day. It was the first time I got to take a ride in my grandpa's combine.

We drove out of the barn and headed north into one of his fields. now the field was large and bordered by ditches that also had trees growing about it. As we headed toward the field, I remember my grandpa pointing toward the northern border of the field just outside of the tree line ahead of us. There I clearly remember seeing a large black cat. And by large, I mean

LARGE. Its size was notable even to me then. I'm sure I had seen domestic cats before, and had the impression of this being much larger, especially given its distance from us; a domestic cat most likely wouldn't have even been noticed. not to mention I remember my grandpa making special note of it. As I recall the event, it was as though he were showing me something incredible, but not in an excited way as though it were the first time he had seen it.

I watched it for a while as it hugged the tree line and eventually disappeared within it. Just glad to run across a website that lends some credence to my memory. I have since heard that the cat(s) are a legend in the area. seems there must be enough to mate as the legend has lasted a long while. and it would have been around 1983-1984 when I saw my cat.

Anyway, interesting site. Thanks again!

Nathan Sollman Via eMail

I'm with Stupid

Dear Jon,

Back in about 2003 or so, I had some oil paintings by David Walker (who had a Big Cat website at the time) hanging in my home and he kept complaining that my dogs were moving them. Well - frankly - dogs do not move paintings on their hangings. Anyway, that was the first sign of something strange. The pictures would be straight on the wall when I went out, and crooked when I got back. This went on happening... for years! One just assumes that the old mine workings, water-courses, etc. below the property caused the shifts in the pictures.

I decided to put my property up for sale and sell it myself, using my own signs, advertisements, and a website. Every morning, the hanging wire attaching the "for sale" sign to the wrought iron housename sign was undone on one side. I just could not understand why any of the few neighbours along the lane would do this. You would





think they would be glad to lose a neighbour with five German Pointers [GSPs]!

Then, a few months later, I took one of my dogs along to a local healer (who it turned out was also a spirit dowser) and was just talking to him and told him these strange things. He immediately told me I had a "presence" in the house who was trying to communicate with me. Well - I was sure he was right.

I then realised that the automatic cooker clock seemed to be flashing more often than I would expect from minor power supply disruptions. "Something" was turning the built-in fan oven off! Then, things started to escalate. I was doing some gardening and, fortunately, came back into the kitchen after only a few minutes to find a back plate on the ceramic hob turned out and papers from a windowsill (not that near) scattered on it.

Then, things started disappearing. Most odd was a porcelain coffee mug... I came back from a clifftop walk and the mug was just not in the kitchen, where I had left it on the worktop. I got a message "beamed" to me - "look in the wheelie bin". And there, at the bottom of the empty bin was the mug - unbroken! Another manifestation was the smoke - not only when I was in the house, but it accompanied me on walks, shopping, in the car, just everywhere. I hate smoke and this was like having cigarette smoke puffed up my nose.

Then, one evening I was working on my computer and I felt a strange sensation on my left hand (I am a LH mouser!) as if something like a feather duster was stroking my hand. Something similar happened when I was reading a book, sitting on the sof a - I could feel something like a hand ruffling through the hair on my head! I got fed up and went to bed - same thing happened. It was the hob incident that got me





concerned that I might have a arsonist poltergeist in the house and one did not need to be a genius to realise things were getting potentially dangerous.

So, I started by contacting the Bishop of Truro's office and they passed me on to the Rev Strange of Penzance, who came over and performed a "house blessing"... Well - our ghost just laughed at that! I was woken up at 1.20am that night by the smoke alarm going off in the kitchen. That smoke alarm only ever went off if I was grilling bacon... Enough said! It was not and is not faulty.

I then called in to Pengersick Castle at Praa Sands, on the way back from the beach, and got in touch with Ian who organised their ghost tours. He put me in touch with Ron Kirby at Falmouth, a spirit dowser, who came over to Sycamores, after having "dowsed" the plans of the property from my website, and found various underground streams, passages, vortexes and marked with "X" places of paranormal activity.

As a matter of interest, some of these were known to me. i.e. one evening I was getting the dogs woken up to go out for a 10.00 pm "wee" in the garden, when Olga, who had been sitting next to me on the sof a, was rigid and staring at something I could not see across the room from me. She was really scared. That area was marked with an "X"! So was another where a dramatic personal event had occurred in the kitchen.

A few days later Ron came over, armed with his plans, marked out with subterranean water courses, deep tunnels, vortexes,etc. as above and walked straight in with his dowsing rods and asked "is there an active presence here?" Immediately, the rods jerked affirmation.

To cut a long story short, Ron found a strange spot by the kitchen sink (area of personal drama) and "something" flashed out of there when he dealt with it - it went straight past my dogs, who

watched it disappear through the kitchen door! Ron went around with his rods, said he had found the "entity", and after giving him a chase around, finally pinned him down to an area by a dog bed and my piano!! There, via the rods, he conducted a "conversation" which revealed that the entity was the ghost of a miner, named George, who died in 1784 due to an aboveground mining accident, who had come to stay with us due to the positive energies he experienced with us. He was 57 when he died and, yes, he was aware that he was dead and accepted this. Ron asked if he would like to go "through to the light" and George was a bit reluctant to do so, but eventually took up the offer of assistance and zoomed past again, in a similar manner to the "thing" in the kitchen - frightening my little black and white GSP bitch puppy so much that she "weed" on the carpet!

The following day, when checking through my "library" of digital photos on my computer, I found a pic I had not opened. I had recently had an old GSP bitch euthanased and wondered if it was her in the pic. At the time I had about 6 GSPs - but, despite my 8-12ft high fencing, 6-8ft high padlocked gates (to keep in my ace team of cat hunters - neighbours up the lane had about 30 cats, so my lot were keen on trying to get out!) a strange black dog showed up in the photo.

What is interesting is that it is not a GSP - my lot would have gone ballistic if it had been a real dog in their garden, too - but some kind of true early "pit/bull baiting" molosser type bitch. It is black, young, shiny coat and in good condition and right in front of my "picture" window. How could I not have seen it - and how come it showed up on a digital photo?

Anyway, I sent it round lots of my show dog judge friends, and we are all agreed - it is some sort of ancient type of bull-baiting dog - and I saw on an "old English Bulldog" site a day or two ago that this would have been the *true* early old English Bulldog - with the more shovel-shaped muzzle, instead of the squat flat one now associated with bulldogs - which was used to help the bull-baiting dogs get under the bull...

Charming. The site said this type of dog was around 1750-1800 - and the ghost of the Cornish miner who was haunting my home died in 1794! The dog would be typical of what a miner would have owned for a bit of sport (as in those days!) after a hard day at the mines, i.e. bull-baiting, badger-baiting, fighting, etc. The type, make and shape would appear to be right.

How could one not see a dog as big as that - it is substantial rather than tall, right outside one's window? Regards

Angela Boyd Via eMail

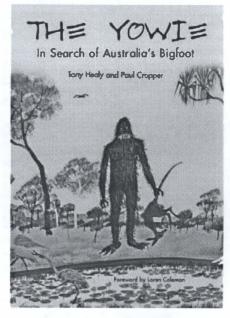


By the way, it's probably time we mentioned this again. Someone wrote to us recently asking why the headlines on the letters pages made no sense. Each issue we name the letters after songs from a CD favourite of the CFZ office staff. The first person to ring us and sing a song from the album in question gets a free year's membership. Last issue was - by the way - First Utterence by Comus, a psychedelic folk album from 1971 of such magnificent obscurity that to hear someone sing it to us down the 'phone would have been a complete joy.



REVIEWS





The Yowie: In Search of Australia's Bigfoot
Tony Healy and Paul Cropper
Anomalist Books
ISBN 1-933665-16-5

Back in the 90s Tony and Paul wrote what I still think is one of the top five books on cryptozoology, *Out of the Shadows: The Mystery Animals of Australia.* The book covered thylacines, the Queensland tiger, big cats, and Australia's ape-man the yowic.

Ever since then they have been promising a book dedicated to the yowie. Here it is. It's been a long wait but it's worth it. If anything, it's even better than their first book.

In a land bereft of placental mammals, save for bats and a few rodents, primates are the last thing you would expect to find. The only primates officially on Oz are humans who arrived about 60,000 years ago. Yet from the earliest times Australian Aborigines have spoken of hairy giants. They go by many names; doolagarl, jimbra, and mooluwonk are just a few. But it is the term Yowie that has really stuck. From the late 18th century onwards white settlers have reported encounters with foul smelling, red eyed, fur covered, shambling apemen.

The book follows the story starting with the Aboriginal legends. Then follow chapters on the colonial era (1788-1901). The early modem era (1901-1975) and the modem era (1975-present). In the modern eras the authors concentrate on areas well known for yowic activity, The Blue Mountains and the Gold Coast.

Then there is an interesting diversion into the *junjudees*; a race of tiny ape-men about a metre tall.

It has been suggested these are baby yowies, but the littlefoots seem to have more in common with the fairy lore of Europe and elsewhere.

The analysis that follows finds no firm conclusion but looks at possibilities, delusions, feral humans, a species of ape or a paranormal manifestation. The most likely of these, for my money, is that they are descendent of *Homo erectus*. The yowie's ancestors may have been brought to Australia on floating debris possibly





driven by ancient tsunamis. In Australia they developed into hairy ape-like form. If this is correct then *Homo erectus* has devolved into a more primitive creature without the use of fire, and whose only tools seem to be clubs and rocks.

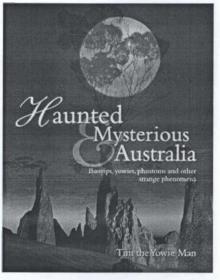
There is also an analysis of when yowies are most likely to been seen. Sightings suggest they come into contact with humans mainly in the winter months. Most sightings take place from around noon to 4.00am. There is a noticeable dip in sightings from 4.00am till 12.00.

Finally there are two appendices. The first list is of known sightings from 1789 onwards. The second list is of all known places in Australia whose names relate to the hairy giants. This was a book I couldn't put down. Scientific, well researched but gripping to boot. In particular the stories of the very rare cases of aggressive yowies are the very stuff of horror novels, but in the real world! Well done lads. RF

Haunted Mysterious Australia Tim the Yowie Man New Holland ISBN 978 1 7411 0450 9

Fresh from his well-deserved legal victory over Cadburys Tim the Yowie Man (yes that is his name) has produced a plush tomb full of beautiful photographs chronicling his travels across Australia in search of the strange. This catalogue of the damned makes an excellent Fortean's guide to Oz if you're going down under after adventure of the paranormal kind.

Tim gives a state-by-state guide to weird phenomena. These include thylacines, a possessed puppet, yowies, a haunted Hearst, vanishing lakes, the min-min lights, bunyips, a cursed shipwreck, sea serpents, fish falls, crop



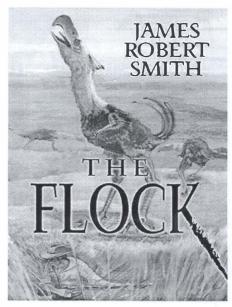
circles, and countless ghosts. As well as the states, Tim examines some of Australia's islands, uncarthing storics of giant octopus, dragons, and guardian spirits.

Books called 'The Ghosts of ...' or 'Haunted...' are two a penny all over the shop but this is something different. A big hardback, Tim's book is well researched and lavishly illustrated. Tim must have spent years in the writing, travel and research for this book and it really shows. He seems to have a knack for turning up wonderfully obscure and freakish tales. Some stories in the book are worthy of M.R. James of HP Lovecraft.

If you're thinking of visiting Australia then please get this book. It will pay for itself many times over. RF



ANIMALS & MEN_SAMISSUE 40



The Flock
James Robert Smith
Thomas Gale ISBN 1-59414-377-3

The giant, flightless, flesh-eating bird *Titanis* walleri was a formidable beast. Standing ten feet tall and armed with savage talons and a massive beak on its horse-sized head, it was the dominant predator of its time. This fast running monster lingered in Florida until around 12,000 years ago, making it contemporary with humans. Indeed race memories of it seem to have filtered into Indian legend.

But what if Titanis were still around today? That is the premise of this excellent novel. Fish and Wildlife officer Ron Riggs is called in to investigate the disappearance of pets from the outskirts of a town called Salutations. Built in what used to be untamed wilderness, Salutations is a 'dream town' built by the Berg Brothers cartoon studios (Read Disney). Abutting onto it is a wildlife preserve and also the home of Colonel Winston Grisham, a right wing gun nut with his own private militia.

Unknown to everyone, a group of monster birds has survived in the wilderness. With astounding camouflage and near- human intelligence. Studied by a group of elite biologists, the flock is now finding that human activities encroaching on their territory. Though the birds are given far greater intelligence than they would ever really have had, this is an original and engaging novel that would make an excellent film. RF

A Little History of Dragons Joyce Hargreaves Wooden Books ISBN 1 904263 48 8

A very little history indeed. Within the first paragraph of this book two errors were made. Throughout the book the author takes the stance that dragons are totally fictional, obviously having never done any research into cryptozoology and modern dragon sightings.

The book deals mainly with folklore and symbolism, whilst dismissing any possibility that the subject may have its roots in reality, in a way akin to the dreadful and long discredited books of Ernest Ingersoll. It is resolutely lightweight and irritating. The illustrations are nice but they cannot save the book. Truly a waste of ink and paper. If you want a decent book on dragons, then my own *Dragons: More Than A Myth* will serve you much better. And yes, I know I'm blowing my own trumpet, but it's true. RF

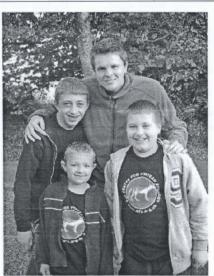








Walch WONDEBIUL WORLD OF WIJBD
Week-lays at 7,30am BBC TWO





It's official! The new caring-sharing CFZ are kid's Tvstars. In November CBBC, presenter Jake Humphries, and a charming young lady called Becky, came to visit us. A wonderful time was had by all, including our trainee David, and his young brothers Ross and Greg, and the only fly in the ointment was when Becky's grandmother (who had come along as chaperone), was savaged by the fiercest creature in the CFZ menagerie - our cat *Helios 7*.

The programme was shown at 7.30 in the morning a few weeks ago, which is a simple way of making sure that we never got to see it, because, as we so often state, if the good Lord had meant us to get out of bed in the mornings he would never have given us all night television.

Whilst on the subject of children's TV, or at least tie-in merchandising aimed at kids, we have noted that our Richard's new haircut is a little severe. A certain lady of our acquaintance took him by the ear to the barbershop and insisted that at 37 he should have a "grownup haircut" (something that Jon, pushing 50, has so far managed to avoid).

However, certain folk at CFZ Mansions have suggested that it makes him look like a Nazi war criminal - most particularly the 'Butcher of Lyon'. This has prompted Richard to make an official announcement that although he would



love a series of action figures to be made of him, he would very much rather that they weren't called "Barbie Dolls"

And who was it who rewrote the 'Richard Freeman' entry on Wiki pedia to say how much he loves Bruce Willis and the French? They should have also noted his love for cats and his prominent place in the Star Trek fan community!

It wasn't us, HONEST!!!!!

So puffed up are they by their own importance they have now, apparently, written a long and abusive eMail both to the studios concerned and to Nick, demanding that not only should they receive co-directing credits but that they insist that the whole affair be made as an old-style Busby Berkeley type musical... On Ice!

TRUE: Jon and Corinna are getting married in July. It will be the first time Doc Shiels has been in a church since Hallowe'en 1986. Watch out for those cigar butts Vicar!



PRIMEVAL

The new ITV crypto-drama series 'Primeval' is a cracker. Pitched firmly at the teatime *Dr Who* audience, it tells the story of an intrepid band of monster hunters (obviously based on the CFZ), hunting prehistoric creatures that have slipped through a time anomaly into present day Britain.

However, there are rumours that it only went into production because the planned CFZ bio-pic featuring Hugh Grant as Jon, Johnny Depp as Richard, Antonio Banderas as Mark, and Leonardo de Caprio as Oll, fell into problems after Richard refused to have anything to do with a project featuring Bruce Willis as Graham! Corinna, and Lisa, of course, would have played themselves, 'cos there ain't no actress in the world who could have done either of them justice! But at the time of going to press we cannot confirm or deny that Britney Spears would have played 'Tessie', but it would have been a fantastic bit of casting!

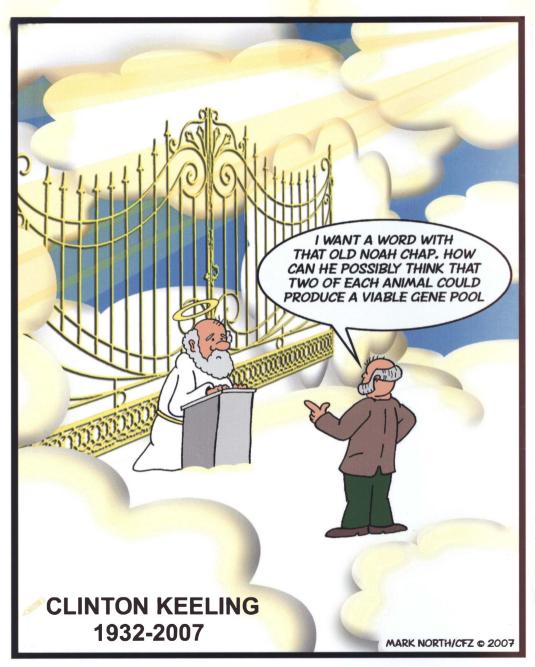
However, just as we were going to press it was announced that Nick Redfern's massively ludicrous 3 Men seeking Monsters has been optioned by a major Hollywood studio, and so Rich and Jon might well make it to the big screen after all!

It's usually Jon or Richard who manage to upset people, but recently Mark North, the sweetest and most inoffensive member of the CFZ team, managed to offend the Gay Community.

Why? He has been working for years on an updated version of his 2002 book on Dorset folklore. He runs a website about it, and is filming as many old folk customs which have survived to the present day as he can. In January, he announced on his website that he was off to the village of Shave Cross on 12th Night, to film the annual faggot burning... With comic results!

He was inundated with eMails from gay activists, who totally misinterpreted the old Dorset custom of burning an 'ashen faggot' (a bundle of ash twigs).

There's now't as queer as folk!



Typeset by two anonymous Chesterfield Bakers "...Does tha know serry"